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THE OWL.

THERE sat an Owl in an old Oak Tree,
Whooping very merrily;
He was considering, as well he might,
Ways and means for a supper that night:
He looked about with a solemn scowl,
Yet very happy was the Owl,
For, in the hollow of that oak tree,
There sat his Wife, and his children three!

She was singing one to rest,
Another, under her downy breast,
'Gan trying his voice to learn her song;
The third (a hungry Owl was he)
Peeped slyly out of the old oak tree,
And peer'd for his Dad, and said, "You're
long;"
But he hooted for joy, when he presently saw
His sire, with a full-grown mouse at his claw.
Oh what a supper they had that night!
All was feasting and delight;
Who most can chatter, or cram, they strive,
They were the merriest owls alive.

What then did the old Owl do?
Ah! not so gay was his next to-who!
It was very sadly said,
For after his children had gone to bed,
He did not sleep with his children three,
For, truly a gentleman Owl was he,
Who would not on his wife intrude,
When she was nursing her infant brood;
So not to invade the nursery,
He slept outside the hollow tree.

So when he awoke at the fall of the dew,
He called his wife with a loud to-who!
"Awake, dear wife, it is evening gray,
And our joys live from the death of day."
He call'd once more, and he shudder'd when
No voice replied to his again;
Yet still unwilling to believe,
That Evil's raven wing was spread,
Hovering over his guiltless head,
And shutting out joy from his hollow tree,
"Ha—ha—they play me a trick," quoth he,
"They will not speak,—well, well, at night
They'll talk enough, I'll take a flight."
But still he went not, in, nor out,
But hopped uneasily about.

What then did the Father Owl?
He sat still, until below
He heard cries of pain, and woo,

And saw his wife, and children three,
In a young Boy's captivity.
He follow'd them with noiseless wing,
Not a cry once uttering.

They went to a mansion tall,
He sat in a window of the hall,
Where he could see
His bewilder'd family;
And he heard the hall with laughter ring,
When the boy said, "Blind they'll learn to
sing;"
And he heard the shriek, when the hot steel
pin
Through their eye-balls was thrust in!
He felt it all! Their agony
Was echoed by his frantic cry,
His scream rose up with a mighty swell,
And wild on the boy's fierce heart it fell;
It quail'd him, as he shuddering said,
"Lo! The little birds are dead."
—But the Father Owl!
He tore his breast in his despair,
And flew he knew not, reck'd not, where!

But whither then went the Father Owl,
With his wild stare and deathly scowl?
—He had got a strange wild stare,
For he thought he saw them ever there,
And he scream'd as they scream'd when he
saw them fall
Dead on the floor of the marble hall.

Many seasons travelled he,
With his load of misery,
Striving to forget the pain
Which was clinging to his brain.
Many seasons, many years,
Number'd by his burning tears,
Many nights his boding cry
Scared the traveller passing by;
But all in vain his wanderings were,
He could not from his memory tear
The things that had been, still were there.

One night, very very weary,
He sat in a hollow tree,
With his thoughts—ah! all so dreary
For his only company—
—He heard something like a sound
Of horse-hoofs through the forest bound,
And full soon he was aware,

A Stranger and a Lady fair,
Hid them, motionless and mute,
From a husband's swift pursuit.

The cheated husband passed them by,
The Owl shrieked out, he scarce knew why;
The spoiler look'd, and, by the light,
Saw two wild eyes that, ghastly bright,
Threw an unnatural glare around
The spot where he had shelter found.—
Starting, he woke from rapture's dream,
For again he heard that boding scream,
And "On—for danger and death are nigh,
When drinks mine ear yon dismal cry!"—
He said—and fled through the forest fast;
The Owl has punish'd his foe at last—
For he knew, in the injured husband's foe,
Him who had laid his own hopes low.

Sick grew the heart of the bird of night,
And again and again he took to flight;
But ever on his wandering wing
He bore that load of suffering!—
Nought could cheer him!—the pale moon,
In whose soft beam he took delight,
He look'd at now reproachfully,
That she could smile, and shine, while he
Had withered 'neath such cruel blight.
He hooted her—but still she shone—
And then away—alone! alone!—

The wheel of time went round once more,
And his weary wing him backward bore,
Urged by some strange destiny
Again to the well-known forest tree,
Where the stranger he saw at night,
With the lovely Lady bright.

The Owl was dozing—but a stroke
Strong on the root of the sturdy oak
Shook him from his reverie—
He looked down, and he might see
A stranger close to the hollow tree!
His looks were haggard, wild, and bad,
Yet the Owl knew in the man, the lad
Who had destroyed him!—he was glad!

And the lovely Lady too was there,
But now no longer bright nor fair;
She was lying on the ground,
Mute and motionless, no sound
Came from her coral lips, for they
Were seal'd in blood; and, as she lay,
Her locks, of the sun's most golden gleam,
Were dabbled in the crimson stream
That from a wound on her bosom white—
(Ah! that Man's hand could such impress
On that sweet seat of loveliness!)—
Well'd, a sad and ghastly sight,
And ran all wildly forth to meet
And cling around the Murderer's feet.

He was digging a grave—the Bird
Shriek'd aloud—the Murderer heard
Once again that boding scream,
And saw again those wild eyes gleam—
And "Curse on the Fiend!" he cried, and
flung
His mattock up—it caught and hung—
The Felon stood awhile aghast—
Then fled through the forest, fast, fast, fast!

The hardened Murderer hath fled—
But the Owl kept watch by the shroudless
dead,
Until came friends with the early day,
And bore the mangled corpse away—
Then, cutting the air all silently,
He fled away from his hollow tree.

Why is the crowd so great to-day,
And why do the people shout "hurra!"?
And why is yonder Felon given
Alone to feed the birds of heaven?
Had he no friend, now all is done,
To give his corpse a grave!—Not one!

Night has fallen. What means that cry?
It descends from the gibbet high—
There sits on its top a lonely Owl,
With a staring eye, and a dismal scowl;
And he screams aloud, "Revenge is sweet!"
His mortal foe is at his feet!

A WEDDING UNDER GROUND.

ON the conclusion of my studies at the mineralogical college of Freyberg, I was made very happy by being named one of a party commissioned to visit the most celebrated mines of Europe, to procure information respecting recent discoveries, and collect specimens for the Museum.

No one, but a mineralogist, can imagine the heart-felt pleasure with which we Cimmerians descend into the bowels of the earth, and follow nature into those recesses which none but the progeny of an Eve would ever have dreamed of exploring.

But, though prepared to find in these subterranean abodes some of the most gorgeous spectacles the eye can witness, as well as the utmost horrors imagination can paint, it certainly was not in quest of romantic adventure that I penetrated their fathomless abysses.

Such, however, in countries where the mines are employed as places of punishment, are by no means uncommon; and I never shall forget the impression produced on my mind by the celebrated history of Count Alberti's confinement in the horrible quicksilver mines of Idria, as

narrated to me on the spot by a grey-headed miner, in whose childhood it had occurred. Though the rank and favour of that accomplished young nobleman, and the dismal transition from the splendours of a court, and the smiles of an empress, to condemnation for life to subterranean drudgery of the most pestiferous nature, lend to his history a deeper and more terrific interest than can attach to the comparatively obscure adventures of the pair of youthful lovers, the denouement of whose little romance it was my good fortune to witness in the Hungarian mines of Schemnitz, I must trust to your indulgence, and the singularity of the scene of these nuptials, to atone for the deficiency.

Besides that superior order of nobles, or magnates, who from wealth and extent of possessions, are more than nominal princes, there exists in Hungary a class of almost equally noble blood, but dilapidated fortunes, who, disdaining all professions save that of arms, have no means of increasing their substance but by alliances with the free merchants, who are beginning rapidly to acquire riches and consideration in the larger cities. Such marriages, among the cadets especially of the poorer nobles, are not unfrequent; and while they are tolerated by the privileged race, who occasionally condescend to them, they are eagerly courted by that, till lately oppressed and contemned class, who cheerfully make large sacrifices to accomplish them.

There was in S— a beautiful girl, the only daughter of a Polish merchant, (half suspected to have in his veins some of the blood of Israel,) who, in addition to her father's well-filled coffers, possessed personal attractions enough to draw around her a host of younger brothers, whose pedigrees outweighed their purses. Among these the heart of Ida Stephanoff soon declared in favour of Casimir Yaninsky, one of the first and most ardent of her suitors, and just such a gay, gallant sprig of nobility as was likely to make a deep impression on

the daughter of a grave and penurious trader.

Although the sole patrimony of Casimir was his sword, there were circumstances which inclined old Stephanoff to concur in his daughter's preference of the youth over others similarly situated. There was still a small estate in the family, and the elder brother of Casimir, though married, was childless. Here was something of a reversionary prospect; and as Casimir was unquestionably the most rising young man among Ida's suitors, she and her father, during some happy months, saw him with the same favourable eye. His consent was formally given, and a time not very far distant fixed for the marriage, when a nobleman, who had been for many years absent from his estate in the neighbourhood of S—, unexpectedly returned, and, having accidentally seen Ida at a village festival, made to her father such dazzling overtures as entirely upset the old Jew's fidelity to his previous engagements, and even his regard for the feelings of his daughter. What these were, on being informed of the proposal, may be better imagined than described. Graf Metzin, was an elderly man, of peculiarly forbidding appearance and austere manners; and having already contrived to get rid of two wives, he had brought with him a sort of Blue-Beard reputation, by no means calculated to win the affections of even a disengaged maiden. But then he was not only rich, but enjoyed considerable credit at court; and had returned to Hungary with a degree of delegated influence, if not positive authority, which rendered his alliance infinitely desirable to a man in trade.

Stephanoff, though standing sufficiently in awe of the fiery Yaninsky and his family, not abruptly to withdraw his promise, began to long earnestly for the means of breaking it; and this Graf Metzin proposed to furnish by possessing himself as if by force of the person of Ida, and apparently reducing her father to

consent to a union which it was out of his power to prevent. The plot was not difficult of execution. Ida and her old nurse (her mother had been long dead) were surprised in a rural excursion by a body of the Count's servants, and lodged in his old castle, where by every demonstration of respectful affection which his harsh nature permitted, he strove to reconcile the high spirited-girl to her state of duance. What *she* felt did not transpire beyond the enchanted walls; but Casimir moved heaven and earth to procure her release, and was only restrained by sincere affection for the child, from wreaking his vengeance on her despicable parent.

Dreading the resentment which he was conscious of deserving, Stephanoff feigned to be inconsolable for the loss of his daughter, and solicited permission to reclaim her by force; but the local authorities, overawed by Graf Metzin, and indeed apprised privately that he acted in concert with her father, to break off an idle match between two unadvised young people, declined interfering, and it became evident that the farce would soon end, like so many others, in the marriage of the chief actors.

This Casimir was determined to avert, and legal means being beyond his reach, he was not deaf to the demon, who, in their absence, threw in his way some of a very opposite character. Urged almost to madness by a pathetic billet which Ida had found means to convey to him, he availed himself of an accidental rencontre with a band of freebooters, (some of whom are still to be found lurking in all the mountainous parts of Hungary,) to engraft on their previously formed plan of plundering his rival's castle, the rescue of his betrothed, during the confusion of the attack. The morality and loyalty of this measure may easily be called in question; but there is yet in these countries a sufficient smack of barbarism to make retaliation be considered perfectly justifiable; and a young man just robbed of his mis-

tress, may perhaps be excused for not respecting his rival's money-bags. To his person there could be no injury meditated, as the time fixed was that of his necessary absence with part of his household, in attendance on a provincial assembly. The hazard of the enterprise was considerable, as Graf Metzin had a tolerably numerous establishment; however, their attachment was not deemed such as to prompt a very vigorous resistance, and the young temporary bandit, and his more practised associates, marched gaily to the assault.

There had, however, been treachery somewhere; for in passing through a thick wood on the skirts of the Count's property, they were intercepted by a troop of soldiers, (who had long been aware of the existence of the brigands, and on the look-out for them,) and with the exception of one or two, were surrounded and made prisoners.

Yaninsky, in thus joining at the instigation of passion and despair, a band of robbers, had so far remembered his own and his family's honour, as to exact from his comrades, in case of any disaster, the most implicit vow of secrecy as to his real name and condition; he therefore suffered himself to pass as one of the band, but his youth, and the testimony of even his hardened companions to his comparative innocence, marked him for the milder punishment of the mines, while the captain and one or two more, (who, to say truth, little deserved Casimir's self-reproaches for perhaps accelerating their fate,) expiated their former crimes on the scaffold.

As for Yaninsky, though he at first congratulated himself on being conducted for trial to a distant part of the province, where he was not likely to be recognized; yet the consequent impossibility of conveying to Ida any tidings of his fate, formed the chief aggravation of his situation, and having reason to fear she must have received his hasty information of her meditated rescue, the thought of her anxiety added bitterness to his own.

The mines, however, to which he was condemned for two years, were within three or four days' journey of S—, and among their frequent visitants, hope whispered one might ere long be found to communicate tidings of his personal safety, and unabated constancy.

Ida, meanwhile, had gathered from Graf Metzin's own triumphant account of his castle's escape from spoilation, corroboration of her own fears that Casimir was implicated; and during some days which elapsed ere the fate of the prisoners was decided at the capital of the district, she suffered agonies of suspense, which half inclined her to avow her suspicions, and redeem, by the sacrifice of her own hand, that life, which she was sure Casimir would not stoop to purchase at the expense of his honour.

At length her persevering, though still courteous jailer, brought her the almost welcome intelligence of the sentence of death pronounced upon three ringleaders, (none of whom, being men advanced in life, and of well-known atrocity, could possibly be Casimir,) and of the condemnation for various periods to the mines, of the rest, among whom, her heart whispered, he would certainly be found.

To effect her escape and join him, became now her sole object. To replace herself under the inefficient and unwilling protection of her father, would, she knew, be fruitless, as, from the tenor of his few letters since her captivity, she saw he was at least an accomplice in it, and might enforce her hated marriage with an urgency which would leave her in the end no alternative but a flight, less disgraceful from the power of a ravisher, than from a father's ostensible protection. Her nurse, who, in all but mental cultivation, had performed a mother's part towards the early orphan, and who loved her with all a mother's fondness, entered into her views with almost youthful enthusiasm, and a plan at length suggested itself for accomplishing her escape.

All parts of Hungary, it is well known, swarm with gipsies; and no where, perhaps, is that migratory race more largely tolerated and less oppressed. Bands of them are generally in some degree settled, as far as their habits permit, on each considerable estate; and, forbearing from all depredations on that privileged territory, enjoy a sort of tacit countenance from the proprietor. Metzin, as an alien from his country, and a harsh repulsive character, was no great favourite among his Zingari, whom he forbade to enter his castle, and banished from some of their immemorial haunts.

Old Natalia, little doubting that amid this acute and vindictive tribe she might secure coadjutors, could she once open a communication with them, feigned gradually to lend a more willing ear to Graf Metzin's endeavours to conciliate her, and to be won over by his arguments in favour of the match with her nursling.

She then confided to him that much of Ida's pertinacious adherence to her engagement with Casimir, arose from an early prophecy of one of the gifted race of Zingari, that she would marry a younger son of the best blood in Hungary, and, after many trials, would lead with him a long and happy life; and suggested, that, from a mind naturally inclined to superstition, the impression could only be effaced by a counter prediction by a yet more experienced and authoritative sibyl. Such a one, she knew, was to be found among the Count's territorial Egyptians, and in return for the communication, she received, as she expected, a commission to talk over the old beldame, and put into her mouth such an oracular response as should suit the purposes of her lord.

Delighted with this first step towards liberty, and satisfied that the prophetess owed the Count a sufficient grudge to enter cheerfully into any scheme to outwit him; Natalia held with her a long conference, during which she found in Miriam a coadjutress beyond her most sanguine

hopes. It was agreed that, to prevent suspicion, the sibyl should at first confine herself to giving, in presence of the Count, mysterious intimations of his happy destiny, and afterwards solicit opportunities to confirm in private the impression on the still wavering mind of the young betrothed. Ida, duly prepared for the farce, received the gipsy at first with contempt and indignation, but, as if irresistibly overpowered by the solemn eloquence of the skilful fortune-teller, gradually listened with more complacency to her gorgeous promises of a wealthy, as well as noble spouse, unbounded honour, and a numerous progeny, contrasted with a faithless and penniless lover, doomed by the destinies to a violent and premature death. Sufficient remaining incredulity was of course manifested to render future visits necessary, but the Count, though unsuspecting of any plot, did not yet feel confidence enough in the staunchness of his Zingari ally, to trust her with any possible revocation of her oracle. He therefore chafe to be present when she again entered the castle, and this obliged her to exert some ingenuity in communicating to Ida the positive intelligence she had that day received, of Casimir's actual sojourn in the mines of Schemnitz.

In addition, therefore, to all her former asseverations, that the stars had irrevocably decreed the union of Ida with a rich and adoring suitor, she advanced towards her, and resuming her hand with an air of peculiar solemnity, exclaimed, in a manner fully calculated to excite her attention, "It has this day been revealed to me, that when you again meet your perfidious lover, *it will not be upon earth!*"

These ominous words at first made Ida start, but the gipsy's earnest tone and gesture, and an almost imperceptible glance of her wild dark eye, taught her to look for a less obvious meaning; and, with a joyful alacrity, from which the Count drew the most flattering hopes, she exclaimed, in reply, "Well, mother! I see you

are a prophetess indeed! there is nothing, however deep; which you cannot fathom!"—The gipsy, thus made aware that she was understood, ingratiated herself so far with the Count by her adroitness, as to procure free ingress to the chateau; stipulating, however, for permission to bring with her an orphan grandson, from whom she never willingly separated, as he was apt, when out of her restraining presence, to get into mischief, besides which, his musical powers on the hurdy-gurdy and Jew's harp, would, she was sure, serve to dissipate Ida's remaining melancholy, and pave the way for a new love.

Miriam generally contrived to pay her visits towards the dusk of evening, a time when she said the mind was more open to mysterious impressions, and the influence of the stars (which even, while she thus tampered with their supremacy, she more than half believed) peculiarly powerful. She and her grandson insensibly became such privileged personages as to pass in and out from the turret assigned to Ida and her nurse, without exciting any observation; and no sooner was this the case, than Miriam and Natalia began to put in execution their project of transforming Ida into a very tolerable *fac simile* of young Zekiel, by means of the well-known gipsy dye for the skin, and a suit of boy's clothes, introduced piece by piece, under his grandame's tattered mantle.

The resemblance was quite sufficient to have deceived more suspicious observers, and Ida's fears for any possible evil consequences to her poor second self being obviated by seeing him safely descend a rope-ladder with all the agility of his tribe, and swim the moat with the ease of an amphibious animal, she with a beating heart and trembling limbs followed her gipsy conductress to the gates. Natalia, who could with no great difficulty have found a pretext for accompanying her beyond them, insisted with maternal devotion on remaining behind to carry on for

a day or two the force of the supposed illness of her charge, and gain time for the fugitive to reach the mines.

Once arrived there, she strongly advised Ida to reveal her sex and condition to the Bergrichter, or director, a humane and benevolent man, through whose interposition she trusted Casimir's release and her union with him might be effected, though the power of Graf Metzin, and the paramount influence of parental authority, might render it a hazardous measure. Ida, however, once happily beyond the hated walls, could think of nothing but increasing her distance from them, and was disposed to consider the deepest mine in Hungary with her lover a welcome refuge from tyranny above ground. She was too sanguine and inexperienced to foresee the many difficulties in her path, or even her own want of resolution to brave them, when it should come to the point; and it was not till conducted by Miriam within a short distance of the mines, and instructed by her to act the part of a gipsy boy, a runaway from his tribe for supposed ill treatment, that her heart died within her, and she half wished herself even at Metzinska again!

When ushered into the presence of the director, the half-formed project of confession quickly expired upon her lips, unequal alike to utter either the truth or falsehood she had meditated. Had his manners been less gentle and encouraging, she must infallibly have sunk beneath his glance; and had the dye on her skin been one jot less deep, her blushes must have betrayed her. The tears, however, which she shed abundantly, only seemed to attest the truth of the incoherent story she at length faltered out, of a cruel stepmother, and dislike to a vagrant life; but the compassion they excited had nearly frustrated all her plans, by inducing the director to propose easy labour and personal attendance above ground to so young a creature, instead of the confined air and laborious drudgery of the mine.

Never did poor culprit more ardently petition for release from that Cimmerian bondage, than Ida now did to be permitted to endure it; and here again the plea which her awakened self-possession taught her to urge, in the natural dread of being traced and kidnapped by her gipsy relatives, found ample corroboration from the wild alarm which really filled her bosom, and lent energy to her supplications. Nor was she far from the truth in asserting, that above ground, for some time at least, she could not for a moment fancy herself safe.

Yielding, therefore, to her childish but pardonable terrors, the humane director promised to carry her down himself to the mine of N—, which, from its difficulty of access, and considerable distance from the more open and frequented ones of that celebrated district, was appropriated to the involuntary residence of convicts, and was rendered, by the same circumstances, a safer abode for a fugitive than those spacious, nay, almost splendid excavations, where royalty itself has frequently penetrated in commodious equipages, by an almost imperceptible descent, and where the daily and hourly egress of thousands of free labourers of both sexes would have lent dangerous facilities either for the escape of the criminal, or the recognition of the innocent.

The mine of N— was as yet accessible only by the appalling and often hazardous conveyance of the bucket; and fancy may easily picture the dread and horror with which a timid girl, even under the animating influence of love and hope, found herself suspended over earth's centre, and lowered into its almost fathomless abysses.

She had already descended, by steep and slippery ladders, for nearly a hundred feet, without entirely losing the welcome glimmer of receding day, when, at a huge door, whose dingy aspect seemed fitted for an entrance into the infernal regions, she perceived two figures, half naked, and as black as ink, each of whom

held in his hand a faggot of lighted fir, and, thus equipped, might have passed for one of Pluto's pages.

By these appalling satellites, the director and his trembling protégée were invested with dresses of congenial blackness, and, amid deafening shouts and muttered ejaculations, Ida found herself suddenly seized by one of the goblin grooms, who, uncereemoniously throwing a rope round her, prepared to fasten her to the slight-looking bucket, which, with dizzy horror, she saw swinging in mid air, to receive her and her rude conductor.

It required a thought of Casimir to induce her to enter the frail vehicle within which she was ordered to seat herself, while the Stygian guide, merely resting on the edge, held the rope with one hand, and with a pole in the other kept the bucket clear of the numerous projections which might have proved fatal to its safety. There was an awful pause of a few moments, ere the machinery above was put in motion to accelerate their descent, during which the miner, secretly enjoying his companion's silent terror, cried, "Cheer up, my, little fellow! we shall be at the bottom in a trice; that is (crossing himself), if it please St. Nicholas to give us a good journey. But we always make new comers fast to the bucket, since the ugly accident which befel a poor little girl, some half dozen years ago. She had a lover in the mine, it would seem, and, poor simple thing! nothing would serve her but she must be down to seek him."—(Here they began to descend with almost breathless rapidity.)—"She had either no guide, or one as awkward as herself: so, you see, the bucket was caught and upset by that point of rock we are just passing, and the poor girl pitched out on yonder narrow shelf below, where she clung, God knows how, for more than half an hour, till we got ladders spliced together, and picked her off more dead than alive. You may believe it was her lover who brought

down his frightened turtle; he got a pardon, and she a pension; so you see, all's well that ends well, and here we are safe at the bottom, St. Nicholas be praised!"

Ida, while she shuddered at the fearful tale which had thus doubled the horrors of her passage, could have blessed the miner for the bright omen held out by its happy termination.

She now rejoined the director, and passing partly through galleries supported by timber-work, and partly through vaults hollowed in the rock, arrived at a vast hall, whose extremities the feeble light of many torches failed to illumine. It was supported by pillars of ore, and surrounded by seats of the same material, on which they paused for a moment's repose. They then proceeded to still greater depths—now saluted by burning exhalations from the furnaces and forges used for preparing tools, whose heat scarce permitted the workmen to bear the scantiest clothing—now almost frozen by subterranean currents of air, rushing with tempestuous violence through narrow cavities, till they arrived at the lowest gallery, eleven hundred feet under ground, where the pitchy darkness, the yet more dismal light from distant fires, the swarthy labourers, black as the ores they worked, partially discovered by the sparks proceeding from their own hammers, the noise of all this labour, and of the hydraulic engines for drying and ventilating the mine, together with the horrible figures which from time to time rushed past her with torches in their hands, made Ida for a moment doubt whether she had not descended rather too near to Tartarus. Emotions so new and strange were, however, soon absorbed in still stronger dread of not meeting Casimir, or of a premature discovery from his hasty recognition of her in circumstances so overpowering. Feeling, however, pretty confident that her disguise would shield her for the present from even a lover's eye, she made a strong effort, and endeavoured to summon to

her own aid the courage requisite for sustaining the spectacle of her beloved Yaninsky's humiliating condition.

The director-in-chief, whom chance had alone brought this day to visit the mine of N——, and whose stay below was necessarily brief, consigned Ida, on leaving the mine, to the resident overseer (a person, fortunately for her, of advanced years and mild deportment), with directions to employ Zekiel (the name Ida had borrowed with her dress for the occasion), only in the slight labour of gathering those minute fragments of ore, which were overlooked in removing the larger masses to the furnace. "You will of course, as a father yourself," added the worthy director, "see, that what good his vagrant education may have left in him suffers as little as possible from temporary intercourse with your reprobate crew, among whom you have probably some minor offender, conscientious enough to look after a boy. When the danger of pursuit from his tribe has subsided, you may send him to me at Schemnitz, where I will enter him a student at the College of Mines; and who knows," added he, kindly patting on the head the trembling novice in dissimulation, "but he may have cause to bless through life his dark sojourn in the mine of N——!" Another silent blessing from the heart of Ida hailed the cheering presage!

Evening was far advanced when she was left alone in the great hall with the good inspector, and, deriving courage from his parental behaviour, she timidly requested leave to accompany him in his rounds through the upper and less dismal galleries, where she was to commence her task on the morrow. They had traversed the greater part of the immense excavations without her recognizing among the swarthy groups who pursued their labours, the well-known form of Casimir, and Ida's fears began to predominate over her hopes, when the overseer, turning into a new gallery, bade her observe

its direction, and certain marks on the roof and pillars of ore, by which it was distinguished. "Here," said he, "I chiefly intend you to pursue your occupation. The young miner who superintends this gallery is, though a convict, of superior manners and regular conduct, and I know not any part of the mine where a boy of your age may be trusted with so little danger of evil communication."

So saying they advanced; and at the further end of the dimly-lighted vault, Ida, with almost irrepressible emotion, descried Casimir busily engaged in directing half-a-dozen men to remove a large mass of extraneous matter, which impeded the further progress of the shaft. Ida involuntarily fell back, that the beating of her heart might not become audible to the inspector. He advanced towards Casimir, coolly approved of his proceedings, and then beckoning forward the trembling Ida, "Stephan," said he, (a name which Casimir had adopted as Ida's patronymic)—"here is a boy whom the Berg-richter has picked up from among the gipsays. His orders are to work him lightly; and, above all, to keep him from mischief. You are a steady young fellow, and with you I think he will learn no harm. Take him to your mess this evening, and at roll call I will come for him. He shall sleep with my little Adolf, who is afraid of spirits in the mine at night since his elder brother left us." Then turning to Ida, "Zekiel, I give you in that young man a friend and protector—if you quit his side it will be at your own peril, and you will repent it."—"Heaven forbid!" thought Ida.

Who would be so superfluous as to describe Ida's feelings, while the hasty and incurious glance of Casimir rested on her metamorphosed form, and his cold, yet gentle voice, uttered words of soothing and encouragement to the gipsy boy?—Who cannot fancy her feverish impatience while the awkward miners tardily obeyed the directions of Cas-

imir, and its almost ungovernable height, as she watched their retiring steps along the dreary corridor?—Yaninsky fortunately lingered to see all safe for the night, yet she half feared he would follow before her parched lips could utter his name in an almost inaudible whisper.

Low as it was, it found an echo in the heart of Casimir. He looked up like one awakened from a dream; caught one glance of a radiant eye which sorrow could not quench nor art disguise, and swift as thought was in the arms of Ida! Who that had seen that wild and long embrace in which the swarthy miner held the gipsy boy, had dreamed that under those lowly weeds were shrouded the bravest heart and noblest blood in Hungary, and the loveliest of its high-souled, though low-born maidens?

After the first few moments of unmingled ecstasy, Casimir, for whose character some weeks of solitude and reflection had done much, had leisure to consider the singular and distressing situation in which love for him had placed his bride, and to bless Heaven for the opportune relief afforded under it by the intended kindness and patronage of the inspector, and the society of his infant boy.—This he briefly explained to Ida, as they slowly and reluctantly approached the great hall, where the miners were mustered, previous to the return to upper air of all save the convicts (who alone slept under ground) and the evening meal of the latter.

Ida shrunk from the bare idea of appearing in the rude assembly; but Casimir (after allowing the miners who had been present when the director delivered her to his charge, to precede them by a few minutes, and thereby preclude embarrassing inquiries) conjured her to take courage, and not betray by unnecessary fears a secret which love itself had nearly failed to penetrate. In efforts to overcome this natural repugnance, time had insensibly elapsed, when a shrill whistle echoing through the galleries, seemed to strike Yaninsky

with a sudden agony of terror, wholly unaccountable to Ida, whom he hurried along with a breathless rapidity which rendered inquiry impossible. They had proceeded but a few paces, when a tremendous explosion burst on Ida's ear, like the crash of an absolutely impending thunderbolt, accompanied too, with a sudden glare, which illumed the whole subterranean territory, but in an instant vanished, leaving them in total darkness, the concussion of the air having extinguished the torches. This darkness was interrupted only by the fitful flashes from succeeding discharges, of which the light lasted only for a moment, while the sound was long and terribly reverberated by a thousand echoes. The vaults cracked, the earth shook, the arched recess, into which Casimir on the first alarm had instinctively dragged Ida, trembled on its rocky base.

To her, the noise of the bursting rocks, the sulphureous smoke in which she was enveloped, and the sense of suffocation it occasioned, suggested the idea of some awful natural convulsion; and though life had seldom been sweeter than during the few preceding moments, yet death with Casimir lost half its terrors; but to him, who knew the artificial cause of the mimic thunder, and its imminent danger to those unprotected from its effects, who knew also, that his own fond inadvertence had exposed his Ida to the peril of perishing by the actual workmanship of his own hands, the few minutes during which the awful scene lasted, seemed an age of anxiety and terror. The mute devotion with which she clung to his side, and resigned herself to whatever might be the result of so terrific an adventure, enhanced the remorse he felt for having endangered a life so invaluable; and it was not till all fears had subsided, and silence again resumed her reign, that he found breath to explain to Ida, that the peculiarly impenetrable nature of the strata in this mine, rendered frequent blasting

with gunpowder necessary; and that the period usually chosen for this hazardous operation, was during the meals of the workmen, when they were exempted from danger by being collected in one safe and central hall.

Towards this they now proceeded, guided through the gloom by the rude mirth of the guests, who rallied Casimir on his supposed design of amusing himself with the terrors of his young protégé. The imperfect light favoured Ida's efforts to encounter, with tolerable calmness, such slight scrutiny as the fatigued and hungry group had leisure to bestow; but it was not till the motley group, assembled around the rude board, were thoroughly engrossed by their repast, that she ventured to raise her down-cast eyes, and as they wandered in pity or disgust over the ferocious or the abject amid his lawless associates, to rest, at length, with unmingled admiration on the noble form and dignified countenance of her lover. She thought she had never seen him to such advantage; not even when, gaily running his richly caparisoned steed, with a plumed brow and a glittering vest, he shone (in her eyes at least) the brightest star in the Emperor's proud train at the opening of the Diet! And it was love, love for Ida, that had robbed the brow of its plume, and the vest of its bravery; aye, and sadder still, the cheek of its bloom, and the eye of its radiance: but what are these to the mute eloquence of the pale cheek and languid eye, when they speak of reckless constancy, and faith unshaken by suffering?

It was with a strange mixture of reluctance to leave Casimir, and repugnance to remain a moment longer in the Pandemonium he inhabited for her sake, that Ida tore herself from her lover to obey the summons of the inspector, a worthy old Swede from Sahla, who had been attracted from his own country by the mineralogical reputation of Schemnitz, and engaged for a short period to superintend some new workings in the

mine of N——, and introduce processes of his invention peculiarly applicable to the nature of the strata.

As they went along, the tender father could not forbear expatiating with parental delight on his child. "Adolf," said he, "is wild with joy at the idea of having a companion. Poor little fellow, I rashly, perhaps, promised his dying mother never to part from him, and foolish compliance with that promise has made me keep him with me even here; where, though we have been three weeks under ground, his health, thank God, has been excellent, though his spirits have threatened to fail latterly, especially at nights, from the foolish tales he hears from the miners, of Cobolds and Bergmannchen. Do, Zekiel, try and get them out of his little head! But, hark ye, do not give him any of your Zingari notions of palmistry and divination in their stead, else the remedy will be worse than the disease!"

Ida could only shake her head, afraid to trust her voice with a reply, when a beautiful fair-haired boy of five years old came bounding to meet them, and threw himself into his father's arms, evidently startled by the dusky hue of the new friend he had so ardently longed to see. A second glance at Ida, and her sweet smile, however, conquered the first impression, and taking her by the hand, he hurried her playfully forward. A turn in the great gallery suddenly brought before them an object so new and unexpected to Ida, that she could scarce forbear exclaiming when she found herself at the door of the inspector's house, a log-hut, neatly and substantially constructed. Adolf, remarking her wonder, exclaimed, with all the conscious superiority of infant knowledge, "Ah! if you only saw Sahla! papa's house there is a palace to this, and there are streets and houses, and a windmill! Oh! this is a shabby mine, not to be compared to dear Sahla!"

As he spoke they entered the house, which consisted of two apart-

ments, one of which, filled with books and instruments of science, was occupied by the inspector, while the other, a sort of kitchen, was prepared for the use of the children. Adolf, after insisting on sharing with his new playmate (whose slight figure gave her, in male attire, an absolutely childish appearance) a supper, somewhat more inviting than the rye bread and black beer she had left behind, complained of being sleepy; and the inspector, pronouncing a grave blessing on his infant head, (in which the good man included his worse than orphan comrade,) retired to his own apartment.

No sooner was his father gone, than little Adolf, forgetting his drowsiness, began to tell a thousand stories about Cobolds and Minenockers, and good people; all of whom, he said, he saw or heard every night, and from whose visits he hoped the society of a companion would release him. Ida, too heavy at heart to laugh at the childish list of supernatural acquaintance, had recourse to her rosary; and recommending to the little Lutheran (who had never before seen such a plaything) to say a prayer for every bead till he fell asleep, put him to bed, availing herself of his still unconquered dislike of her complexion, to spread her own mattress at a little distance on the floor.

Here, at length, sleep visited her wearied frame, and her slumbers (broken only occasionally by the infant voice of Adolf, muttering his childish but efficacious orisons) continued till she herself was conscious they had been protracted, and, on opening her eyes, fully expected to be rebuked by the bright blaze of day.

It was a painful moment that recalled her, by the darkness around, to a sense of her situation; but impatient to meet Casimir, of whom she had as yet enjoyed but a transient glimpse, conquered her dejection; and, striking a light she awoke her little companion, and giving him his breakfast, (her share of which she reserved to partake it with Casimir,)

she consigned him to his father, and awaited the arrival of her lover, who had promised to come and conduct her to the scene of their mutual labours. The sight of him in his coarse miner's dress, the paleness of confinement, increased by the rays of the lamp he held in his hand, proved almost too much for her; but his unaltered smile cheered her; and there was a radiance in his bright black eye since yesterday, that spoke of hope and happiness!

Casimir was able to contrive that they should be uninterrupted during a great part of this day, and it was spent in discussing their prospects, and weighing the advantages held out by continued concealment or immediate discovery. The former, exposed to irksome confinement and inevitable delay; but the latter threatened possible distraction to their hopes, and was therefore more formidable. The inspector, though a worthy and humane man, must, as a parent, entertain high ideas of parental authority, and was not likely to sanction the union of an only child without the consent of her father; nay, would probably insist on delivering her up to him immediately. It was, therefore, advisable to endeavour to secure an interest in his breast, by continued kindness to his child; and they agreed, at all events, to defer discovery till the approaching festival should bring down to the mine a priest, to whom, in confession at least, if not otherwise, the secret might be confided.

During the intervening month, Casimir and Ida (whose *toto-a-toto* were usually confined to a few short moments in proceeding to, or returning from their labours) indemnified themselves for the restraint imposed by the presence of their parties, by establishing, through the interesting child by whom they were almost constantly accompanied, a medium of intercourse as delightful as it was unsuspected. Tales of love and chivalry related by Casimir, (and which soon eclipsed in the mind of his young auditor the fairy and goblin

legends of ruder narrators,) found a no less enthusiastic listener in Ida, who saw in her lover the hero of every romance, and read in the perils each experienced for his mistress, a faint reflection of the heroic daring of her own devoted Casimir; while Ida's encomiums on love and constancy, nay, sometimes even her heartfelt expressions of fond attachment to the child on whom they were sincerely lavished, were interpreted as more than half addressed to one, who might have found it difficult under other circumstances to extort them. In short, that mental sunshine, which is altogether independent even of the smiles of nature, played so brightly across their darkling path, that each viewed with awe and anxiety the approach of a period which might restore them to light and liberty, at the possible expense of at least a temporary separation.

The festival which was to decide their fate (one of the most solemn of the Romish church,) occurred during our visit to the Mining district, and we were advised on no account to quit N—— without witnessing the brilliant spectacle of the illumination of the mine, and the performance of high mass in its lofty and spacious chapel, whose intrinsic magnificence might put to shame the richest shrines of our upper world.

We went down early in the morning, that the previous splendours of day might not rob the subterranean spectacle of any of its brilliancy; and highly as my expectations had been raised, they were not disappointed. The blaze of the torches, reflected by the innumerable particles of silver ore that lined the roof and walls of the galleries, was absolutely dazzling; while the deep shadows beyond their immediate influence would have been studies for a Rembrandt.

The chapel, when we first looked into it, at that early hour, was crowded with miners waiting for admission to the confessional; among the last of whom, I remembered seeing a very dark but handsome boy leaning against a pillar, in evident agitation.

I had followed the inspector into some distant workings, to see various effects of light and shadow and natural phenomena, rendered more apparent by the increased illumination, and did not return till a bell had given notice of the approaching commencement of mass.

The crowd in the chapel was rather increased than diminished; but it had spontaneously divided, leaving at the altar only the venerable white-haired priest, before whom knelt a handsome young miner, and the same slender dusky boy, whose dark skin was now, however, mocked and betrayed to be factitious, by a redundant profusion of the finest flaxen hair, which swept as he knelt on the dark rocky floor of the chapel.

Murmurs and whispers ran around the assembly; and on seeing the inspector advance, the priest, in a dignified voice, inquired if any impediment prevented the administration of the sacrament of marriage to the pair now kneeling to receive it; long affianced in the sight of Heaven, and thus miraculously brought together to complete a violated contract? No one presumed to contravene or question the propriety of the ordinance, till the half-fainting bride, blushing through all her nut-brown dye, glanced at her strange habiliments, and with maiden modesty faltered, "No, not in these!"

The appeal was irresistible, and as soon as mass had been celebrated, a messenger was despatched by the kind inspector, to the village above, for a female peasant's dress of the country, in which Ida looked absolutely enchanting.

It was not alone a bridal dress that this embassy procured. It brought friends to grace the nuptials, whom fate had strangely conspired to bring that day to N——.

Ida had conjured the gipsies to lighten as soon as possible her father's anxieties, by acquainting him with her safety, though not with her retreat; but the communication had been delayed, and it was only the appearance of the faithful Natalia, who

had remained concealed for some time after her escape from the castle of Metzinska, that at length led him to a knowledge of his daughter's fate. With a heart softened by long anxiety and parental remorse, he was now arrived at the mouth of the mine, followed by the faithful nurse, and attended by the reconciled Yaninski, who had also at length gained tidings of their brother (whom they concluded in a foreign country with his bride,) from one of the banditti who had escaped on the seizure of the others, and was glad to purchase

indemnity on his return to his native country by such interesting intelligence.

The Yaninski were amply furnished with pardons and letters of rehabilitation. Stephanoff came loaded with wealth to reward his daughter's benefactors and rich dresses to adorn her person—but it was in the peasant's dress of the mining district that she gave her hand to Casimir, and in that dress she has sworn to keep the anniversary of her

WEDDING UNDER GROUND!

THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

A FEW weeks since business caused my attendance at the Admiralty. While waiting in one of the anti-rooms, I heard myself accosted by name by a tall and elegant looking man standing near me. My eye rested on his figure, but memory refusing recognition in the gaze, I inquired his identity. My surprise was great at finding he was one of my dearest, and earliest friends; and the start of astonishment, almost of pain, which his revelation elicited from me, must I fear have communicated to him the knowledge of the withering havoc which sorrow had made on his person. Only five years had elapsed since our last meeting, and that period, when unmarked by mental suffering or sickness, may pass over man while in his prime— and Captain Tancred was now only thirty-five—without leaving a record of its flight.

I had known him in boyhood: he had been the wildest, but the truest and most generous of my school companions. His presence had ever been the signal for some thoughtless freak or hazardous adventure. With a spirit fresh and buoyant as mountain air, exuberant health, and exhaustless vivacity, he was formed to be the idol of his associates. He seemed destined for happiness; he had every element of it in himself;

and, utterly exempt from that contracting selfishness which binds up the sympathies of too many natures, he revelled in the joy of dispensing it to others.—Left to the choice of a profession, he selected that of the sea: it assimilated best with his taste, for it afforded indulgence to his peculiar temperament, which, always seeking after strong excitements, would even court danger in all its varieties. The very character of the element had charms for him: he loved its false unsubstantial surface, its engulfing depths, its perilous quicksands, the warfare of its waves, whose wild hoarse murmurs seem to warn man from their territories: they had terror in their sound, and that sound was music to his ears. Often, when the tempest from above had lashed the ocean into fury, and it boiled forth its wrath in billows which threatened destruction to aught of human power that dared its ire, I have known him singly embark in a little boat, in assertion, as he would say, of man's prerogatives, and to trample on the enemy which seemed to oppose his free agency over nature and her works.

At the termination of our maritime struggles, finding his very soul enervated at the prospect of indolent peace, he obtained the command of a revenue-cutter, and I parted with

him in the full glow of health, on his departure for the coast of Norfolk to enter on his new service. Engaged in active pursuits, I had little opportunity for correspondence; but my heart often held communion with him, who was the dearest friend it had ever known. An interval of leisure having occurred in my occupation, I had resolved on visiting him a few days subsequently to the period when chance again united us. And was it—could it be Tancred, the gay, the handsome, the volatile Tancred, who stood before me? His very voice seemed changed; its accents had now a mournful and dreary cadence, like the responses of a rifted cavern, and they were the echoes of a bare and shivered heart. There was still about him the exquisite polish of demeanour so often instinctive with high birth—for Tancred was nobly connected—which had always distinguished him; but the lofty bearing, the unquailing eye, the sunny smile, were gone forever! At an interview which I afterwards had with him, he disclosed to me the events which had produced such a metamorphosis in his aspect and manner. The substance was as follows:—

The signal-station which Captain Tancred commanded was situated, as I have said, on the coast of Norfolk. It was near a remote hamlet, and partook in an eminent degree of that dulness and insipidity which so often distinguish a country village. The localities exhibited no peculiar points of interest. The scenery was not of that elevated and picturesque character which, in many parts of England, rivalling in loveliness and grandeur the landscapes of Italy or Switzerland, might well content a people less migratory than ourselves with the native samples it displays of nature's power. W—— had none of this: the painter or the poet might have looked on it without the faintest glow of that kindling enthusiasm which rushes from the heart and thrills through the frame, at the sight of beauty in whatever guise display-

ed, uninstructed, unaltered, by the sophistications of art—fresh, luxuriant, and perfect, the visible and tangible evidence of that unerring system of harmony and arrangement by which the Divine Ruler conducts the universe. The inhabitants, too, of W—— were generally uncultivated and illiterate. Education had there been tardy in its civilizing influence; and there was amongst the lower classes—the mass of the population—little of that amenity of feeling and manner which may in some measure atone for the absence of the higher mental qualities.—The service in which Captain Tancred was engaged drew an almost entire line of demarcation between himself and his neighbours. He met them, and perchance the bow and curtesy of compelled deference were accorded; but there was neither glance, nor tone, nor word of sympathy exchanged. He was looked upon, by those even who stood unconnected with the illicit traffic which it devolved on him to oppose, with distrust and suspicion. He was one of those men, however, whose activity and healthiness of temperament supply to themselves the deficiencies of place or people. Still there were moments when his customary employments failed of amusement; when even his own beloved element was gazed upon with the eye of listlessness and dissatisfaction; when he would more gladly have enjoyed communion with living than inanimate nature. In one of these moods he wandered forth on the beach. It was at that hour when

The moon was up, and yet it was not bright.

The sun was still in the sky, and the ocean blushed in the gorgeous beams which crimsoned the west. A thousand clouds floated around the throne of his expiring glory, as though they were anxious to bear away to some favourite and distant clime a trace of his splendour. A few stars were out to mark and guard the orbit of the timid moon, which, pale and more beautiful than

all, seemed the type of that blissful world of peace and rest, from which she had just emerged. Tancred felt in its full force the might and majesty of the scene around him. Who can look on the boundless deep, the uncircumscribed firmament, the "stars, which are the poetry of heaven," and not feel his own insignificance in the scale of creation? Who can think of the world, its empty distinctions, its feverish passions, its trivial pursuits, while gazing on the immensity of nature? The heart must be dead to every finer impulse, the mind destitute of every noble desire, which can restrict its views and wishes to mortality, while contemplating the symbols of immortality!

Immersed in his own reflections, the hours glided imperceptibly on, and Tancred started on finding the waves were "winning their way to the golden shore." He was about to retreat hastily, when a form at a distance met his observation. Perhaps it might be humanity to warn the individual of the danger of her situation, or curiosity to discover who was the lonely wanderer—or gallantry, as that wanderer bore the outline of a female, which led him hastily forward to offer protection. It was declined by the young and lovely girl to whom it was proffered, with such bewitching yet shrinking timidity, such trembling apprehensiveness, that his interest was far more powerfully awakened by her refusal than if she had acceded to his request. Casual and slight, however, as this introduction to each other may seem, it formed the basis of a permanent acquaintance. It is unnecessary for me to trace its progress, or to follow it through all its gradations, while germinating into friendship, till it arrived at the maturity of love. The development of a passion, which involves the whole sum of earthly happiness of two individuals—which embraces in its issue anguish or bliss to them, here and hereafter, may yet be too deficient in striking peculiarity of incident to engage the sympa-

thies of others. To a certain point this was the case in the attachment of Captain Tancred and Helen, for so was his idol called. There was a mystery about her which she seemed most unwilling to account for or unravel. Beyond the name of Helen, he was even ignorant how the object of his worship was designated. "A rose by any other name will smell as sweet;" and, while gazing on the exquisite being before him, he often thought how little accessory were name, birth, or situation, to the possession of beauty, grace, and dignity. She was eighteen, yet looked even childish young for that brief date of years. Her form was bounding and light, and there were a freedom and elasticity in her step, which her natural quietness of spirit and demeanour at times could scarcely control. There were moments when a dark and melancholy shade of sadness would steal across a brow pure and clear as the fair and stainless snows of heaven; and the small rosy mouth, which seemed blushing for the peril its matchless beauty exposed others to, would compress and almost quiver with internal agony. The eye, too, so blue and bright, would sometimes lose its look of boundless radiance; while a glance of deep, mournful, and passionate feeling, would beam from its azure depths, and the dark silken fringe which shrouded its glory become gemmed with the tears of silent sorrow.

Tancred often interrogated her as to the cause of her unavowed grief. To imagine it the result of personal misconduct was incompatible with the angelic purity which so peculiarly distinguished her, and which, even more perhaps than her extreme loveliness, captivated his imagination, and enthralled his heart. Of her relations and friends she spoke little. She talked indeed of her father, but it was evident that fear and awe were blended with filial love and duty. That she moved in the lower walks of life her appearance indicated, though in her conversation, and in

the soft and gentle repose of her manner, there was not discoverable the slightest taint of vulgarity. They met but seldom, and each time with the resolve on Helen's lips of parting forever! But who shall tell the struggle it requires voluntarily to separate from the being most dear to us? Policy, prudence—worldly wisdom may bid us burst the fetters which enchain our souls, but when those fetters are, at the same time, the only connecting links between us and happiness—when the snapping of them rives asunder, too, the ties of confidence, sympathy, and affection—oh! who shall marvel that we hug the chain closer and closer, till the meshes become so woven and entangled with our very heart's strings, that the breaking of the one may shiver the others too!

Tancred, convinced that the destiny of his future life depended for light or darkness on his beloved Helen, offered his hand, though literally ignorant of the very name of her to whom he tendered it. His proposal was received in silence and tears; still it was not rejected; indeed a faint smile illumined her countenance, and a slight pressure of the hand was his when he talked of the ensuing week for their nuptials. This was superstructure enough for Tancred to build a fairy castle of hope upon, and he anticipated, with boundless joy, the near prospect of calling Helen, the fair, the delicate Helen, his own for ever!

But now to deviate from the order of my narrative.

In a rugged and rarely-trodden path which led to the beach, stood a mean and lonely hut. It was of that coarse and rude description which the mind involuntarily associates with the idea of even squalid poverty, and from which the eye retreats, while the bosom yields a sigh of pity for those condemned to inhabit it. It wore a cheerless aspect, an air of negligence and gloomy desolation, which seemed as though it were wilfully indulged, and even prided in. The inmates of this hut consisted of

an old man and his daughter—little was known of them. The ascetic and uncompromising sternness of the father operated so powerfully against the daughter, that her meek demeanour and singular loveliness could hardly subdue the general feeling of dislike which was entertained for them. Of their former occupation, or even of the precise nature of their present employment, none were aware. Some imagined that the father laboured under a partial alienation of reason; for there was at times a savage moodiness about him which approximated to insanity. He seldom was met in the hamlet, and neither visited nor received his neighbours, by many of whom, as he had been more than once surprised in the exercise of fire-arms, and the arrangement of sea-tackle, it was suspected that he followed the dark, desperate, and unlicensed trade of smuggling. The unavowed exercise, too, of any other occupation, rendered the belief prevalent and strong. Nor was suspicion false. Old Denham, which was the appellation of Helen's father, was a smuggler by vocation and choice, it might be almost said, by nature. In early life he had filled a subaltern situation in the navy; but the moroseness of his temper led to a quarrel with his captain, and he quit- ted an honourable service to engage in dishonourable traffic. He had fancied himself wronged, though he himself was his only enemy. The conviction, however, of having been injured, combined with the loss of a wife, who, though he tyrannized over while living, he bewailed ceaselessly when dead, and the accidental death of an only son, soured his disposition to absolute malignity. The constant poverty which he struggled with, his exclusion from all society, and even the beauty of Helen, which might render her so accessible to design and danger—all lent their aid in making Denham an object of restless misery to himself, of anxiety to his child, and detestation to his neighbours.

It has been stated, that, in ignorance of her condition in life, in ig-

norance that he had proffered his hand to one whose father would have had little compunction in stabbing him to the heart, Captain Tancred had fixed the following week for uniting himself to the smuggler's daughter. For several nights a vessel had been observed floating on the dark waters, which had aroused the suspicions of Captain Tancred. On the Saturday night preceding the week in which he fondly hoped to realize his heart's dearest wish, it was again descried. On that evening a seaman, who had recently been added to the detachment, was on watch for the first time. By the moon's light he recognized, in the commander of the little vessel, a notorious smuggler who had long infested the coast of Kent, where he had previously served, but had always eluded pursuit, and had for some months disappeared from the neighbourhood. The intelligence was communicated to Captain Tancred, who, with a party of men, put off in a boat in chase. It was a wild and stormy night; the moon at intervals only broke through the huge masses of cloud which drifted along the sky, the darkness of which received frequent illumination from the lightning's blue glare. The wind howled around, and

*From peak to peak the rattling crags among,
Leap'd the live thunder.*

Many a heart might have blenched from daring man's and heaven's wrath on such a night as this; but Tancred and his companions were fearless: duty incited them, and they sped onwards dauntlessly. The vessels met, and a short but determined encounter ensued. The numerical strength of the smugglers was trifling in comparison with their opponents; but despair lent them gigantic energy, and they fought as though this world and the next had been staked on the issue of the engagement. After a "brief space," however, the scuffle terminated in the defeat and capture of the smugglers. Yet there was one amongst them who stood unharmed, unyield-

ing, undismayed. Throughout the combat a savage desperateness and ferocity of conduct had distinguished him from his comrades. His arm brandished a huge cutlass, which he raised to strike at the head of Captain Tancred, who, at the same moment discharged his blunderbuss. One ball entered the heart of the smuggler, and a gurgling splash of blood welled from his side. One deep short groan, and the heart stopped its pulsations, and he fell a heavy corpse at the feet of Tancred!

But the smuggler was not alone in his death—not a single victim to Tancred's fatal weapon; "its scattered shot destruction dealt around." In the commencement of the affray, a slight figure, masked, and enveloped in a large cloak, had escaped observation by crouching in the corner of the vessel. As the danger thickened, however, that form sprang from concealment, and was about to interpose between the combatants, when the fatal trigger was pulled, and a random bullet entered a bosom heaving with love for its murderer. The brave and the weak, the stern and the delicate, alike had been annihilated by Tancred's arm, and lay prostrate before him! The vessel steered hastily back to shore, and then was the discovery made, which stamped with unalloyed and unmitigable grief the future life of Tancred. The bodies of the smuggler and his comrades were removed from the boat. There was no mask to hide the features of old Denham, and his ascertained identity created little sympathy. But the tearing off the mask, the removal of the fatal disguise from the figure of his youthful adherent, awakened a thrill of horror, and interest, and pity, in many a rugged breast, and overwhelmed one with a tide of misery that never ebb'd. Perception at first refused to yield credence to the reality of the appearance presented to it. Horror without limit, despair without hope, were in the conviction; but conviction did come, and the mind sickens with the contemplation of the match-

less agony of the moment. Yes! it was the corpse of Helen that lay before him—killed, too, by his own hand! The fair, the fond, the beautiful being whom he had worshipped with the idolatry of devoted love; who had lain on his bosom in the sweet confidence of pure affection, and to whom he had been the whole earthly sum of weal and woe! He put aside the soft golden hair, which was now clotted with gore, and kissed the marble cheek, whose whiteness was stained with blood. Her eyes were closed, yet on the lids still lay a few glimmering tears, the latest mementos of human suffering. The little flower which he had that very evening presented to her, was yet hidden in her bosom. It was crushed and faded; but, worthless as it appeared to some, to him the world's riches would have seemed poor for the purchase of the holy relic. On inquiry it was proved that Denham, in his wayward moods, would often take his daughter to be

his companion in his unlawful and dangerous enterprises. No reasonable motive could be assigned for such proceeding by others; it could only be traced to the natural tyranny of his disposition, or might find solution in the fears that he sometimes expressed lest his daughter's state of unprotected loveliness might be invaded by insult. There was no ostentatious parade of grief about Tancred; not a single tear did he shed over the grave, when it opened to receive his life's essence. But the blight had struck at his heart, withered up every blossom of joy, and blasted, as with volcanic influence, the soft verdure of hope that had grown there. No amusement beguiled him of his woe, no occupation robbed him of one pang of recollection. "Memory ceaselessly plied the work of pain," and at the age of thirty-five he appeared before me, bankrupt of joy, with a shattered frame, haggard looks, and a wasted and decrepid heart!

THE WEDDING EXCURSION.

Grumio.—Is the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving men in their new fustians, their white stockings; and every officer his wedding garment on?—the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curtis.—All ready; and therefore I pray thee, news?

Grumio.—First, know my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Shakespeare.

THE wedding day had arrived, and all was bright and auspicious. The morning dawned without a cloud; the flowers shone in the sunshine as if brides themselves; the trees in their new foliage fluttered in the breeze like so many bridegrooms; and the birds sung as blithely as a band of wedding musicians. Within doors the scene was equally exhilarating. There were decorated rooms, well-dressed company, tables covered with delicacies—silk, smiles, and civility, on all sides. The matron manager of the bridal preparations knew well the importance of wedding day arrangements; and, to use the expression common to shows of

every kind, the whole "went off with great spirit." Precisely at the proper moment, the bride, veiled like a nun, but robed as for a ball, was supported into the room; company, carriages, and clergyman, were religiously punctual; the day was lovely; the crowd of spectators sufficient; the bridegroom made no blunder about the ring; the bride articulated the responses; the procession returned without accident; the company sat down to breakfast;—and again, precisely at the proper moment, the bride retired to put on a travelling dress and take leave of her mother. Nothing could be better managed.

But no one, however gay, however worldly, could go through such a series of ceremonies without emotion; and when the gauzes and satins were removed, and the heroine was arrayed to leave her father's house, which was never more to be re-entered as a home, for a few minutes she forgot that she was a bride, and burst into tears.

"Now, dear Miss, don't take on so—what's done can't be undone.—I dare say it is all for the best," said her attendant, the nurse of her childhood; "here are you, the prettiest creature eyes ever saw—not that you are half so pretty to me as when I had you a baby in long coats all to myself,—now a woman grown, turning out into the troublesome world: and how will you ever keep house, and manage servants—lack a day—I hardly know whether to laugh or cry!"

"Nurse," said the lady mother, recalling the affectionate creature to the more important concerns of the present moment, "how can you harass this dear child's feelings—go and see that her dressing case is placed properly in the carriage." The attendant left the room, and the speaker proceeded to comfort the "mourning bride" after her own fashion. "Now, my dear love, do compose yourself. What is to become of me, if you give way to your feelings in this manner? positively your eyes are so red, I am quite ashamed. Only think how few leave home with such happy prospects: I shall always be near to comfort and advise you in all your troubles; and you will have a most delightful excursion. Hark! I hear the carriage drawing up. Now my dearest love, don't let me have to blush for you at the last; so well as you behaved through the ceremony: no trembling, no tears, no nonsense of any kind; but let me give you one piece of advice, love,—when you return, don't let Tompkins lay a finger on your hair; I was quite shocked when we were in church, to see what a friz he had made it."

"Oh, mamma! don't, pray don't talk so; what signify curls or any thing else at a time like this," replied her daughter, surveying the room with an air of melancholy, partly real, and partly affected. "I never expected to suffer so much at leaving home—I fear I have done a foolish thing—I am changing a certainty for an uncertainty—even the chairs and tables seem to know that I am going—and the poor looking-glass that I have dressed at so often——" The fair speaker was overcome by her reminiscences, and had recourse to silence and her scent-box.

"Mary Anne," replied the matron, making use of the looking-glass, for the practical purpose of arranging some of her numerous bows and curls, "Mary Anne, this is neither behaving like a sensible girl, nor a good daughter; and I count it perfectly insulting to poor dear George, and exceedingly ungrateful to your father and myself—"

She was here interrupted by the entrance of the bride's-maid, wild with present honour and prospective pleasure. She had at first voted most warmly in favor of Cheltenham as the scene of the wedding excursion, but the bridegroom having with equal consideration and good taste assigned her a companion in office, a charming young man, inasmuch as he was in uniform, and unmarried, she was now perfectly contented that they should journey to the Lakes.

"What! not ready yet!" was her exclamation on entering the room, and the carriage waiting, and the luggage fastened on—and George asking for you every instant. Oh, my dear, what is the good of making such a fuss—if you were going to die you could but be unhappy you know; come, take my arm, and let me set you an example; there,—never saw you look so well,—*never!* We shall have a charming excursion; I seem as if I had known Captain B— ten years; now, no more tears, I beg—every one has been

paying you such compliments, and George is so proud of you, and I have been talking about you to those Dickenses till they are ready to die with spite!"

Thus re-assured, the bride suffered herself to be comforted; and she was again led into the drawing-room, the very model of graceful resignation. To have looked at her, none but the most uncharitable would have supposed that she herself had ever entertained the slightest wish to become a bride. Love, marriage, and decoration, might all have been the result of mere accident and surprise.

Her mother consigned her to her husband as the "best of daughters;" and he of course received her as "an invaluable treasure." Every one came forward to say something equally appropriate and delightful, till it appeared that so suitable, so auspicious, so every way happy a union had never occurred in the annals of matrimony. At length the bride with becoming slowness ascended the carriage, the bride's maid having less dignity to support, moved after her at a quicker pace,—the gentlemen took their appointed stations,—heads were bowed, and handkerchiefs displayed,—the carriage drove off,—and thus commenced the first act of the WEDDING EXCURSION.

But before we proceed, a word about the happy couple, and wedding excursions in general.

The present bride was devoted to dress, fashion, and gaiety. She had accepted her first offer because it was a good one, and she became attached because she was going to be married. Love and lutestring had for the last few months occupied her mind in pretty equal proportions; and her thoughts had been quite as much given to the artists who were to furnish her wedding paraphernalia, as to the husband-elect, on whom would depend the happiness or misery of her married life. The gentleman was a good-natured, good-looking young man, not over-burdened with talent and feeling, but one who could make himself sufficiently

agreeable amongst common-place people, and talk sufficiently well on all common-place topics. Had his bride elect jilted him, it would not perhaps have broken his heart; nevertheless, he believed her to be a very charming young woman, and was fully resolved to make her a good husband. The love which subsisted between these "betrothed" was of that kind on which hundreds and thousands live to their lives' end, and are what the world call "uncommonly happy." Possessing absolutely nothing of that depth and delicacy which gives to the sentiment a hallowed character—their love, aided by the occupations and pleasures of society, maintains a bustling existence; but it is ill-suited for retirement: the world is its home, and there only can it have its being.

With regard to wedding excursions, we would suggest the propriety of suiting the places visited to the parties who visit. Intellect, as well as heart—reason, in addition to love, is requisite in those who venture upon seclusion and fine scenery. When the first pleasurable impression is worn off, the devotees of artificial life sigh for worldly haunts and congenial spirits. They grow tired of the lakes, and disgusted with Bolton Abbey itself. Two common-minded persons may converse agreeably in a crowd, and yet be reduced to bankruptcy when thrown upon nature and each other. Deprived of their usual topics, their conversation languishes into "the question, the reply, and the rejoinder;" *ennui* ensues, and those who fancied they could love in a desert, discover that they can love much better in the world. And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, those very causes (idleness and seclusion) which oft-times induce diminution of romantic feeling between a married pair, as often induce it in the minds of two who are disengaged; although they too be unintellectual, and deficient in genuine sensibility. We pretend not to argue this position; but merely to assert and illustrate its general truth.

About a fortnight had elapsed since the auspicious day with which this paper commenced; during that period our bridal party had visited much of the scenery of the north: with what effect the following conversations will evidence.

It was evening, and the married pair stood together in as lovely a spot as this or any other country can exhibit. The sun had made a "golden set," the western sky was yet flushed with his parting smile—

"The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Were hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun!
Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled did the blue lake lie,
The mountains looking on:"

whilst rock, wood, hamlet, and distant hill, were clothed in that ethereal haze, that "apparel of celestial light," which makes the rugged appear beautiful, and the beautiful divine.

"Delightful evening," said the bridegroom, at the same moment contradicting his assertion with a yawn.

"Pretty the water looks," replied the bride, in a languid tone.

"Very," replied the gentleman, as he picked up a pebble, and made what school-boys call a duck-and-a-drake on its surface.

"What are we to do to-morrow, love?" inquired the lady, after a considerable interval of silence.

"Don't know, indeed, my dear"—I suppose B—— and Sophia have planned an excursion somewhere; and again the bridegroom closed his sentence with a yawn.

"I think we must have seen every thing—at least I feel as if we had," observed his companion, "don't you think, love, a set of coloured views gives one just as good an idea of these places as coming to see them?"

"Exactly; but then there's the say so. I wish I had brought my flute and fishing tackle with me; B—— is not half such good company as I expected"—

"And Sophia," interrupted the bride, "is most exceedingly inattentive. I wish we had gone to Chel-

tenham, what are we to do if there comes another wet day?"

"Why, you know, my dear," said her husband, "I told you what would happen; these places are only pleasant when you have a large party with you."

"Indeed, George, you are quite right, and I wish with all my heart we were at home."

"So do I, Mary Anne, for the races are the week after next, and I see my friend L—— has entered Honey-moon for the gold cup."

"And the race ball!" ejaculated the lady, in a tone of dismay, "what have we been thinking of to forget them? Do, love, let us go home; I am sure we have seen every thing here."

"Well, my dear," replied the gentleman, with vivacity, "I'm sure you have my consent, and I'll take you down to Cheltenham for a week or two when our bustle is over at home; I should like that trip myself."

The bride was in extacies. "And will you, really—Oh, I am quite happy—I will write to my mother to-night, and we will leave this stupid place to-morrow; dear, good, kind, indulgent creature; but you won't alter your mind, George," said she, suddenly stopping in her praises, "You really will take me to Cheltenham—and stylishly; Oh, we shall be so happy, let us go and tell our companions."

Whilst this conjugal dialogue took place without doors, the bride's-maid and her brother in office, stationed at the inn window which commanded a view of the same scene, held a conference in a very different strain. We shall merely give its close, informing the reader that the parts we omit related to taste, friendship, Moore's Melodies, happiness, quadrilles, and the last Scotch novel.

"Who could ever tire of this scenery?" exclaimed the young lady, with enthusiasm.

"Not in such society," replied her companion, "I shall never have such another fortnight."

"Impossible!—we never can have been out a whole fortnight—it has not appeared a week."

"Then you are not tired?"

"Tired!—I could live here for ever,—look at that darling cottage, with its honey-suckle porch."

"O that for thee some home like that may smile,"

was the gallant captain's gallant reply.

"You have not quoted the line correctly," said Miss Sophia, with delightful simplicity.

"Well then, take the original reading," replied the captain, and he repeated in a most subduing manner—

"O that for me some home like that may smile."

With a quick sense of propriety, the young lady immediately changed the conversation, and directed her companion's attention to the blueness of the sky, the shadows upon the mountains, and the little boats upon the water.

They were interrupted to receive the information with which the reader is already acquainted. The change of plans did not, as he will readily imagine, meet with their approval; and it was with very different feelings that bride and bride's-maid sat down to write their respective letters; the former to her mother, the latter to a most intimate friend. We subjoin extracts from both.

"Indeed, my dear mother, if I were to be married a hundred times, I would neither come to this country, nor travel with a bride's-maid. Both Sophia and Captain B— are extremely ill bred, and are so taken up with each other, that they pay George and myself scarcely any attention. I suspect they intend to have a wedding excursion of their own before long. There is very little company here this season, at least what I call company; and good clothes are quite thrown away, for if you yet caught in a shower whilst exploring, it is very uncertain whether you can shelter; and if you can, the cottages are poor paltry places. They are *real* cottages. By the way, how came we

all to forget that the races were so much earlier this year? George is extremely vexed, as he much wishes to see L.'s horse run; and as there will be no other ball before the winter assemblies commence, I think it will be a thousand pities to lose this opportunity of making my appearance. It is my own private opinion, that Sophia will be a bride before winter, and of course I should not like to see myself superseded. We have therefore decided to shorten our excursion, and you may expect us home in a few days. George regrets quite as much as I do, that we should have come to this out-of-the-world country. Captain B— and Sophia, seem to find it delightful; but I think they are very romantic, and know nothing of the world. Love and a cottage are, as you have so often remarked, perfectly ridiculous. I have no doubt that George and I shall enjoy much *rational* happiness; our opinions coincide on all important points, and he has promised to take me to Cheltenham, when our visiting bustle is over. The morning I left home, I was too much agitated to observe it, but I find my travelling pelisse *disgracefully* made; this is, however, of less consequence, as a shower of rain has completely spoiled it. I can never be sufficiently thankful that I left my *gros de Naples* bonnet behind. George is rather vexed to find that they have *mistered* him in the newspapers, and I observe they have blundered about the name of our house, which, since the addition of the coach-house and stables, has been called Irlington *Hall*; but this comes of trusting to friends. Did I not know your kind anxiety about every thing connected with my comfort, I should be in an agony about my drawing-room curtains. La Fitte has surely made the alteration he promised; if he has not, pray persecute him till he does, for that ball fringe is not to be endured. I know I can trust *you* to arrange my wardrobe against my return; but let the dress in which I shall appear at the ball, *have a drawer to itself*; I

would not have it crushed for the world. Have you any idea what strangers intend to call upon me? George's acquaintances and mine will, when added together, make such a large circle, that I am not exceedingly anxious for new friends, unless they are particularly stylish people; for I am convinced that the happiness of young married persons chiefly depends on their choice of company. Be sure give my best love to all the Johnsons and Dickenses, and tell them what a charming excursion we have had, and how happy I am. I believe I have now said every thing of consequence. Pray remember about the ball fringe, and with my best love, in which George joins, believe me dear mother,—Your affectionate child,

"MARY ANNE ———."

"P. S. You may depend on seeing us in four days, at the farthest; I would not stay an hour longer than necessity compels me."

The following are the closing remarks contained in the bride's-maid's epistle:—

"And now, my dear friend, will you give credit to my assurance, that Mr. and Mrs. — are so insensible to the charms of this earthly paradise! Excursions which have enraptured Captain B—— and myself, have overwhelmed them with *ennui*; and though I am sure we have behaved towards them with the greatest tact and delicacy, never intruding upon their *tele-a-tetes*, joining them in their rambles, or endeavoring in the least to divert their attention from each other, they are evidently displeased with us. How different are tastes! They are perpetually sighing for noisy pleasures, and vulgar gaiety, whilst we are contented with a solitary walk or ride, during which we are obliged to entertain each other. Is it not provoking that our happy couple should have determined to return home immediately, for the sake of those horrid races, and that abominable ball? Captain B—— regrets as much as I do, this change in our plans; for, as he justly remarks, we

shall have no pleasure in conversing in a crowd. Pray do not suppose I have a reason for my regret,—I hope you know me too well, to suppose that I could be guilty of the impropriety of falling in love with a person whom I have only known a fortnight. I may own without a blush, that I am attached to the country; and that if I were to be married a hundred times, it should be the scene of my wedding excursions. I need not remind you who should be my bride's-maid. But I must conclude. Captain B—— interrupts me, to solicit one farewell ramble before we leave these enchanting scenes, perhaps for ever.—Believe me unalterably yours,

SOPHIA."

The reader will anticipate the result of this farewell ramble. It was twilight—the witching hour of romance; the breeze

"Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees."

The moon was too well-bred to withhold her influence on such an occasion—whilst here and there a modest star peeped forth like an attendant spirit; the birds sang their vesper carols—the air was mingled balm and music—every thing tended to a love scene. The conversation we do not disclose, but when the rambles returned to the inn, the young lady retired, to erase from her letter the passage on the impropriety of falling in love in a fortnight, to add in a postscript, that she was engaged to be married. Captain B—— found the "happy couple" where he had left them, with this change in their occupations; that the bride-groom, having pared his nails, was whistling a waltz; and that the bride, having finished her letter, had taken up an old newspaper.

Thus ended a wedding excursion, in course of which two of the same party fell out of love, and the remaining two fell in. What effect a return into the world produced upon their respective feelings, we leave as a problem to be solved by the sagacious reader.

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THE DESERTER.

Loud raved the gust, the torrent fell
On the night-watch of the sentinel;
Swept o'er the skies the hurrying scud,
The moon broke through the storm in blood;
The river roared along the glen,
The wolf howled from his mountain den;
The winged hermit of the gloom
Pealed his drear dirge o'er tower and tomb.

Far on the outskirts of the host
The war-worn soldier held his post;
The victim of protracted wars,
His toils rewarded but with scars;
When memory's dreams of home arose,
Fair as the visions of repose;
And longings wild, and wishes vain
To view his native land again,
Like phrenzy, wrought upon his brain.

A soldier's honour was forgot;
And death is the deserter's lot.—
Caught in the act of crime, he stands
With sullen brow and fettered hands,
To hear the law's awarded doom;
A soldier's death, a foreign tomb.

The sun now lingering o'er the land,
Smiles on his life's fast ebbing sand,
And ere it sinks beyond the wave,
Shall gild his cold, unconscious grave.—
On earth and sky he wildly cast
One glance, his saddest and his last;

Oh many a drear and pale review
Rose as he looked that long adieu,
To the bright scene that round him lay;
The blessed light of this fair day,
The choral anthem of the bowers,
The bloom of incense-breathing flowers,
And forms that gleamed on fancy's eye,
Betwixt him and the evening sky.—
His weeping wife and child were there
All beautiful amidst despair.—
Then blanched, methought, his manly cheek,
Moved the pale lips that could not speak;
For on that heart-appalling thought,
That dream with more than madness fraught,
There passed with one brief moment by
A whole life's hoarded agony.

The lots in silence drawn, reveal
The hands that must his sentence seal;
Then sternest eyes were dimmed with tears,
Limbs shook, that never shook with fears;
For they who often side by side
Had stemmed with him the battle's tide
And shared his couch, must now fulfil
The dark decree, the doomer's will.
Around his eyes the kerchief pressed,
The grave received its living guest;
There while in act of prayer he kneeled,
From trembling hands the death-shot pealed,
And soft and calm he sunk to rest,
As the babe upon its mother's breast.

A DIRGE.

WEEP not for her!—Oh she was far too fair,
Too pure to dwell on this guilt-tainted earth!
The sinless glory, and the golden air
Of Zion, seem'd to claim her from her birth:
A Spirit wander'd from its native zone,
Which, soon discovering, took her for its own:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—Her span was like the sky,
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright;
Like flowers, that know not what it is to die;
Like long-linked, shadeless months of Polar light;
Like Music floating o'er a waveless lake,
While Echo answers from the flowery brake:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—She died in early youth,
Ere Hope had lost its rich romantic hues;
When human bosoms seem'd the homes of truth,
And earth still gleam'd with beauty's radiant dews,
Her summer-prime waned not to days that freeze;
Her wine of life was run not to the lees:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—By fleet or slow decay,
It never grieved her bosom's core to mark
The playmates of her childhood wane away;
Her prospects wither; or her hopes grow dark;
Translated by her God, with spirit shriven,
She pass'd as 'twere in smiles from earth to heaven:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—it was not hers to feel
 The miseries that corrode amassing years,
 'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,
 To wander sad down Age's vale of tears,
 As whirl the wither'd leaves from Friendship's tree,
 And on earth's wintry wold alone to be:
 Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—She is an angel now,
 And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise;
 All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
 Sin, sorrow, suffering, banish'd from her eyes:
 Victorious over death, to her appear
 The vista'd joys of Heaven's eternal year:
 Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—Her memory is the shrine
 Of pleasant thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
 Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
 Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,
 Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
 Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night:
 Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—There is no cause for woe:
 But rather nerve the spirit, that it walk
 Unshrinking o'er the thorny paths below,
 And from earth's low defilements keep thee back;
 So, when a few fleet severing years have flown,
 She'll meet thee at Heaven's gate—and lead thee on!
 Weep not for her!

A CHAPTER ON BACHELORS, OR THE CONFESSIONS OF DRAKE SON- ERSET, GENT.

"One day," said my father to my uncle Toby, "I will indulge you with my tractate upon bachelors. I will explain to you their sufferings, point out to you, if I can, their advantages, and show you, by irrefragable proofs, that they are anomalies in nature."

"Brother Walter," replied my uncle, "you forget that I am one myself."

"True, Toby," quoth my father, and his eye glistened, "but that is more your misfortune than your crime."—TRISTRAM SHANDY.

OF all sublunary conditions, that of a bachelor is assuredly the most forlorn. Other stations have their drawbacks, their disadvantages, their transient teasing annoyances, but this is a settled thing, a permanent misery, resulting from a sense of solitude which, creeping year after year, like a blight over the mind, deadens its active energies, and leaving it just sufficient sensibility to appreciate its misfortunes, denies it the more vigorous power of escaping them. Few men, whatever pride may induce them to say, are bachelors from choice; the very idea militates against the primary principles of nature which endowed all—some certainly more than others—with a quick relish for society, and a desire

to paint before death a picture of themselves in their posterity. The very words used now and then by some commiserating fair one to a gentleman in this disconsolate condition, "What a nice old bachelor!" proves the novelty of such good humour; as if an invalid, when speaking of a dull November morning placed between two dangerously damp ones, should say from comparison, "what a healthy day!" Healthy indeed, so is a black dose!

If we reason from analogy, we shall find that the most solitary animals are *invariably* the most savage and unsocial. The pike—that aquatic bachelor—who swims alone, feeds alone, and even sleeps alone, is a stern misanthropist, a piscatory Dio-

genes, whom no civilities can bind, no friendship humanize. The hyæna in like manner among beasts, is your only irreclaimable animal. All other savages have been civilized, but this vulgar good-for-nothing bachelor defies the gentlest courtesy. Of the lion, I say nothing, he is to all intents and purposes a married man, with, generally speaking, a strong relish for domestic society. But who, I ask, could ever yet tame the vulture, that "winged single gentleman," who dwelleth apart from his kinsfolk and acquaintance, retreating to his unsocial lair if he hear but the faintest flutter of a friend's wings? This last barbarian is more especially the representative of a bachelor; his shy odd seclusion, his nervous peculiarities, his dress, his pride, his gravity, and even his hypochondriasm, all point him out as the fittest animal emblem of single blessedness; besides, he is a sad ugly dog, and this completes the parallel. I speak from feeling, for alas! however reluctant the confession, I am a bachelor myself. I am one of that unhappy class—a he-spinster—who go partners in situation with the pike, the hyæna, and the vulture. Moreover, I have attained that age when a man's mind being unalterably fixed, if he possess any oddities in dress, habit or disposition, they are sure to stick like burrs to him throughout life. It may—indeed it must—be this shy reserve of manner that has hitherto kept me a bachelor, for I have made no less than three separate offers to as many women, and been as often refused. My first (to enter without any further preliminary on my confessions) was perpetrated at the exceedingly susceptible age of twenty-two, when, after dancing at a race-ball with a lady, whom I shall call Eliza, I became convinced that I was in love. This affliction grew daily, even hourly, more alarming; if I ever slept it was to dream of my *Dulcinea*; if I woke, it was with her name on my lips; in fact, I was inoculated all over with sentiment. The reader will naturally conclude, that a youth of such im-

passioned temperament would, of course, be a favourite with the softer sex; I should think so too; in my case, however, the very reverse was the fact. Women indeed—and of late I have studied them attentively—are more taken with the parade than the reality of feeling. Genuine sensibility is shy and silent: this will never do for a sex won solely by romance and appearance; and hence it is, that callous men of the world, with just enough feeling to make them act their part well, are your only successful suitors.—But to return to my confessions.

I was frequently in the habit of meeting with Eliza in the course of our evening strolls; yet, strange to say, although I had such glorious opportunities, I could never summon courage to hint—except by acts—at my attachment. One evening, however, (oh, fatal recollection!), I chanced to meet her as she was crossing a little meadow that skirted the road-side. She was alone; looked more beautiful than ever, and—but why halt in my confessions? I joined her, chatted with her about the twilight, the moon and stars (there was not one visible), the graces in nature, &c., and in fact was going on, I thought, most courageously, when, on accidentally casting my eyes towards her, I saw a smile, which I fancied of course a contemptuous one, lurking in the angles of her sweet pouting little mouth. This was enough: the barometer of my hopes sunk instantly below zero; I grew nervous, fidgety, wished myself any where but where I was; when, to complete my confusion, my hat fell off. I was now no longer master of myself; I rushed like lightning from the spot, Eliza's involuntary laugh following me quickly in the rear, and never once halted until safely housed in the deepest recesses of my father's study. To men of a shy, nervous disposition—for to few others will these confessions be intelligible—I need not say how long a prejudice, once taken up, will endure. For months subsequent to this ad-

venture I had imbibed an opinion that a certain something, in nature or address, had disqualified me for female society. This idea gathered strength with time, until at last I withdrew myself altogether from their company. Even to this moment I cannot look a woman in the face: I would sooner front a cannon. Nay, the very sight, but yesterday, of a white frock hanging up on my garden lines to dry, gave me a twinge which I have not yet recovered. I will pause an instant, therefore, and take a glass of wine; another—so; I can now proceed boldly with my confessions.

It came to pass, that about six years after this occurrence, when its impression was somewhat on the wane, I formed—for I had it all to myself—an attachment to a lively young girl at *Waleorth*. For some weeks my acquaintance with her went on swimmingly enough, I could now and then almost look her in the face (by-the-bye, with all my bashfulness I found that she had fine eyes, those light pearly grey ones, so indicative of passion and sensibility), and, in fact, contrived at times to talk sentimentally enough without stuttering; but mark the upshot! I was one evening invited to drink tea with her grandmother, an old lady with whom she then resided, and as I was not altogether without hopes of having made an impression on her (not the grandmother, observe!) I determined to take this opportunity of declaring myself; so mustering all the courage I could lay hands on, I started off, highly excited, towards their abode. Well, on reaching the house I found the old lady confined to her bed, and the daughter seated alone in the drawing-room. It was a warm, pleasant summer-evening, just dusky enough to hide confusion, yet not sufficiently so to require candles. Nothing could be more propitious; hid beneath the mask of twilight I chatted and sighed incessantly: hastening perpetually towards the object of my visit, yet strange to say, from some unaccountable nervous-

ness, flying off whenever it seemed to be understood. This continued upwards of an hour; I had even begun to render myself somewhat intelligible, when, just as I was proceeding to pop the question, the door opened, and in came the infernal candles. My face—for the life of me I cannot tell you why—was instantly as red as scarlet; had I even committed murder I could not have appeared more guilty, while my astonished companion (women in such cases have an almost miraculous instinct), after looking in my face for an instant, as much as to say, "at last I comprehend you," turned off the conversation, and never again gave me an opportunity of renewing it. I saw her once or twice afterwards; but, she always looked at me, as I thought, with pity blended with contempt, so I gradually cut the connection, and returned once again to solitude. Miserable recollection! I must despatch another bumper!

The reader will scarcely believe that, after these two failures, I should ever have had courage to try a third. It so happened, however, that like men grown desperate by gaming, the more the chances turned against me, the more I resolved to persevere. I was thirty when the last mishap took place; I was now forty-three; somewhat, but not much the worse for wear; indeed, I take forty to be a very sensible age, quite young enough for love, and old enough for experience. At forty a man is in his prime, and though perhaps he may be going down hill, yet it is slowly, in a broad-wheeled waggon; whereas, at fifty, he gallops down the descent in a light post-coach, with time on the box, and decay on the guard-seat behind him. At forty, *Cæsar* was for the first time in love! Courage, then, I exclaimed, the third throw is always a lucky one; and so indeed it proved—but I must not anticipate.

Near the house where I vegetated, dwelt a certain pretty widow, who I thought had at times evinced a partiality for me. Assuredly an old bachelor is the vainest dog living! I

had no more reason for fancying any such whim, than I had for fancying myself an Adonis; yet it so happened, that some how or other I became convinced of her attachment. Circumstances favoured the delusion; when we met I was received with a smile; when we parted, methought, with a sigh; so I resolved, come what might, to push matters to a crisis. With this view I began by beating about the bush, yet blushing as before, when understood; I talked of the pleasures of sentiment, of home, of domestic attachment, of infantile pledges, &c., to all of which she answered, "certainly, sir, you're quite right;" and, in fact, am convinced that I should have made a conquest, only that the night before my intended declaration, she happened to run off with my footman, a fellow with about as much sentiment in his composition as a baked leg of mutton.

This last misfortune put the closing seal to my exploits. I have ever since lived in complete seclusion, shuddering at the very sight of a woman, yet indulging, like Rousseau, in the wildest reveries concerning the sex. My confessions are, I conceive, peculiar, and now that I have fairly rid my mind of them (as hypochondriae

love talking of their disorders), why, I feel a degree more composed. Unhappy wretch! with the strongest possible desire for matrimony I find myself notwithstanding a bachelor. I am personable enough, I take it—rather goodlooking than otherwise—with a sweet smile, resulting from an amiable disposition, irradiating my fine open countenance. What confirms me in this opinion of my attractions is, that my housekeeper, an excellent-hearted creature in her way, is always telling me so, and she is allowed to be a judge. Hah! there she goes, pacing pensively along the garden. Well, it is certainly delightful for a bachelor like me—who, for twenty years, has been shivering on the Rubicon of matrimony, without once daring to plunge in—it is, I repeat, delightful to him to find that there is one fond soul who knows how to appreciate worth. To be sure, Deborah is thirty-six; what of that? Virtue is not restricted to youth. Moreover, she is short and set with a squat face; *n'importe*, he must be an ass who looks only to the countenance; I search deeper, I analyze the mind, and Deborah is there perfection.—But here she comes, so adieu!

STORY OF A MAN-SLAYER.

OF all the crimes which man is capable of committing, surely that which deprives a fellow-mortal of life, is the most dreadful, and leaves upon the soul of the miserable perpetrator of it the deepest and the most incurable wound. No time can wash away the stains of blood from the murderer's memory,—no lapse of years can assuage the anguish which he endures; day rolls on after day, but still his miseries remain, and the sweet balm of forgetfulness, which drops in mercy upon human afflictions, is denied by Heaven to him. It is from *experience* that I speak thus,—yes, from ex-

perience. But start not, reader, for I trust that the crime of murder, of foul and deliberate murder, is not chargeable against my soul. True it is, that the hand which is now tracing these lines—that hand took away the life of a fellow-mortal: yet, when you have read all, when you have considered all, perhaps you will not think—I trust in God you will not think—that it is the hand of a murderer. But often, indeed, do my own thoughts vary as to the nature of my guilt,—often do I think that the crime which I committed was murder in its most hideous shape,—that I acted the part of a

base and cowardly assassin,—and that by the laws, both of God and of man, my life ought to be yielded up on the scaffold. Then it is that the awful denouncement of the Almighty—blood for blood—flashes across my soul, and I am driven to the very brink of insanity. Such as my crime is, however, I will disclose it, for it is right that I should be judged of by my fellow-men, as it must one day be judged of by my Creator.

In the confession which I am now to make, I will spare myself the pain of publishing my name to the world; it might be injurious to many were I to do so, and it could be of advantage to none; but let it not be imagined on this account that what I am now to relate is a fiction, (would to God it were no more!) it is real—it is all true; and if the reader, with my story before him, can give me any consolation, can whisper even a single word of comfort in my ear, I entreat him not to refrain from doing so. For many years have I been bearing a burden almost too great for human strength; and the blessing of the miserable will rest upon him who shall lighten me of that load, though but by the weight of a single straw.

About eight-and-thirty years ago, I was a Student of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, and in due time I received my diploma as a Doctor of Physic. I then went to Paris, (according to the fashion of the day,) to spend a few months in attending the Hospitals and Lecture-rooms in that city, before finally settling as a practitioner in my native town in the north of Scotland. While in Paris, I met with a young man, one Pierre Luback, who had been my class-fellow at Edinburgh, and with him I associated in all my professional studies and pursuits. We listened together sedulously and attentively to the lectures of our teachers; and we endeavoured afterwards, by practical experiments, to ascertain the truth of the doctrines which we had been taught. It was our

custom, in particular, on a stated night each week, to practise *dissection*, according to the instructions of our anatomical professor; nor had we any difficulty in procuring subjects for this purpose, as many murders and other violent deaths were then daily taking place at Paris.—Both Luback and myself were enthusiasts in our profession, and we entered with eagerness and delight into all the details which the practice of it requires; and many were the bright anticipations of future fame which we ventured to entertain. Alas! how were these anticipations, with regard to me, blighted in a single moment!

It was upon an evening, about the beginning of the year 1789, that Luback and I, in walking through the environs of Paris, happened to enter a street where a public execution was just about to take place. The crowd was great, and before we were aware, we found ourselves in the middle of it, and almost at the foot of the scaffold. The criminal, who was a young man, apparently about twenty years of age, stood on the front of the scaffold, and behind him were two priests, one of them with a crucifix in his hand, and the other bearing a Bible. The young man began to address the assembled multitude in a low and broken voice, but he seemed to gather confidence as he proceeded, and the whole crowd, as they listened to him, became as still and motionless as a marble pavement. He called God to witness that he was innocent of the crime for which he was about to die. "I am poor," said he, "but I have been honest; and I thank Heaven, in this my last hour, that my conscience tells me not that I have ever wronged any man. I know that it is now too late to hope for mercy in this world, and I speak not of my innocence in the vain expectation that my life may yet be saved, but I trust that this my last and dying declaration will induce my countrymen to spare me their reproaches, till time shall discover whether the oath which I now swear is true or

not." He then again lifted up his hands, and, in the most solemn manner, protested his innocence. I was much struck with this scene. There was so much earnestness in the young man's manner, and his countenance bore such evident marks of sincerity and virtue, that I could not but think that he spoke truth. I felt as if I could have given all that I had in the world at that moment to have been the bearer of his pardon. The young man having finished his address, turned round, and, in a little while, the fatal preparations were completed; the rope was placed about his neck, and a white cloth was drawn over his handsome and sun-burnt countenance. I turned away faint and sick-hearted; a momentary pause ensued; the noise of a falling board was heard, and a groan from the surrounding multitude told me that all was over. Luback and I hastened through the crowd, after having cast a single glance at the suspended and convulsed body; and we could see from the sorrow depicted in the countenances of all the by-standers, how much the fate of the unfortunate sufferer was lamented.

It happened that the evening of this execution was one of those which, according to the arrangement of our studies already mentioned, was appropriated by us to the practice of dissection; and it was our intention on this particular night to investigate a new and singular theory connected with the organs of respiration, which had been a short time before proposed by a German professor. The apartment which we had hired as our dissecting-room was situated in an obscure lane in one of the northern outlets of the city; and we had agreed with a person, who made his livelihood by the traffic, to furnish us each week with a fresh subject for dissection. The evening of which I speak, I remember well, was dark and stormy, and it was about eight o'clock when Luback and I reached our apartment. The usual arrangements had been made by Luback's servant; and we found

the body which was to form the subject of our investigation stretched out upon the dissecting-table, and covered with a white cloth. On examining our instruments, however, we soon discovered that part of the apparatus with which our proposed experiments were to be made had not been provided, and Luback immediately set off, accompanied by his servant, in order to procure the necessary articles; and, in the mean time, it was agreed that I should proceed to lay open the body, and make the proper arrangements for entering upon our experiments immediately on Luback's return. With this view, I removed the cloth from the corpse, but what was my surprise, when I discovered in it the features of the young man whose execution I had that evening witnessed! There was the same air of serenity and composure in the countenance which had struck me so much, and except that the lips were slightly convulsed, it did not seem that death had produced upon him any change. The clothing had been almost wholly stripped off, but part of the fatal cord still remained twisted around the neck. I had prepared my knife, but when I looked upon the calm and beautiful countenance of the young man, and recollected the words which he had spoken on the scaffold, I hesitated to use it. I felt as if it was a living body which was lying before me, and I shuddered as I laid the edge of the knife on the young man's bosom. But this was only the feeling of a moment; I smiled at myself for my folly, and trimming the tapers, and placing them so as to give me the best light, I addressed myself seriously to my work. And now I must tell what I have resolved to tell—the horrible truth, which I have never yet disclosed to any human being, but which I have thought of, and dreamed of, in my secret soul, every morning and every night, for almost forty years, and the recollection of which has every day become more intolerable, and more grievous to be borne. I beseech

you, reader, to judge as gently as you can while you read it.—I had set the edge of the knife, I have said, to the young man's bosom, and I was preparing to make the first cut, when my hand accidentally passed over the region of the heart, and to my great astonishment, I felt that the pulsation of the arteries was still going on. I had before remarked that the body was flexible, and still retained a considerable degree of heat, but this had not surprised me, for these appearances often remain for many hours after the last spark of life has been extinguished; but the beating of the heart seemed to indicate life, and I knew not what to think. I laid my hand again upon the spot, and the pulsations were now strong and regular. I cannot tell what was passing in my mind at this time, for I was agitated and alarmed, but I knew—yes I knew, and remember clearly what I *did*. I held my hand over the young man's heart, and pressed it down—I leant upon it heavily, and with my whole weight:—the throbbing was strong for a moment, but it gradually became fainter and fainter, and at length died wholly away. I knew not why I did this—I only know that I did it, and I know that thereby I took away the life of a fellow mortal.

Would to God that I had now the power, though at the expense of every thing dear to me, of undoing what was then done!—but it is idle to talk thus.—A sharp quivering ran through the body when the last faint beating had ceased, and with horror I saw the eyes open, and stare wildly upon me for a moment. The hand—the weather-beaten and embrowned hand, and the pale, pale arm, rose up as if pointing at me, and instantly fell down, dead and motionless. I stood for some minutes stupefied and irresolute; at length I put my hand again upon the heart, and found that it remained still and lifeless. I then resumed my knife, and I remember I said to myself, “I think I may now proceed.” But on the instant a dreadful reflection occurred

to me, and something within me said, almost audibly, “It is murder!” I endeavoured to repress the thought, and for a moment busied myself with a case of instruments which was lying upon the table. But the terrible reflection again came over me like a fit of sickness, and I cried out, “Oh, God! what have I done!” In an instant the instruments were dashed upon the floor, and I was endeavouring, by rubbing the body with my hands, to recal the banished life. There was no one near to assist me, but with great exertion I contrived to drag the body towards the fire, and setting it in such a position that the heat might fall upon the chest, I continued the friction with my hands for a long time without intermission: it was in vain; the pulsations of the heart had ceased forever. I flew to my lancets, and laid open a vein, but the blood was cold and congealed, and not a drop would flow. I cannot describe the distraction which now took hold of me; I threw myself upon the corpse, and bathed it with a flood of tears, wringing my hands, and uttering the most despairing exclamations. The wind howled drearily in the old chimney of the apartment, and the rain battered with violence against the casements, and every sound seemed to reproach me with what I had done. At length Luback and his servant returned, and every exertion was again made to restore life; but it was all hopeless; the face of the corpse had now assumed the sharp and ghastly appearance of death, and the limbs were become as cold and stiff as marble. I did not tell Luback what share I had taken in the young man's death; and this, I have often thought, is a proof of the greatness of my guilt; but I was distracted at the time, and I knew not what I did. Luback saw that I was ill, and insisted on my returning to my lodgings,—and I got home, I knew not how. I passed a sleepless and a dreadful night, and next morning, without seeing Luback or any of my friends, I left Paris,

and returned, in a state of mind bordering on frenzy, to my native country.

Such was the event which has thrown a cloud over my existence,—a cloud which has become darker and more threatening with every succeeding year. My profession I soon relinquished, with loathing and disgust, and I retired to a small property in the north of Scotland, which had been left me by a maternal uncle, and there have I lived down to this hour, a miserable man. Often have I tried to recal distinctly the circumstances of that awful night, and especially the feelings of my heart at the time the fatal act was committed. If my intention was to destroy life, I am doubtless a murderer; for it is in the purpose of the heart that the guilt of the act consists. I cannot say that this was not my intention, for how else would I have done what I did? Sure I am, however, that I had not in my thought at the moment, the real nature and consequences of the act which I was committing; and, as far as I can recollect, that act proceeded from feelings of tenderness and compassion, rather than from any other. It would have been cruel to have mangled the flesh of the miserable corpse while a spark of life still lingered in its veins; but I did not reflect that that spark I had no right to extinguish—nay, that I was bound, as a man, to foster and to cherish it. Strange as it may seem, the idea never entered into my mind that the unhappy being might be restored to life. He was a malefactor, doomed by the laws of his country to death, and who could rob death of his prey? Was it in my power to do anything more than to refrain from plunging my knife into the bosom of the ill-fated wretch till the life which still lingered at his heart had vanished forever? True it is, that if I had reflected for an instant, I would have known that the debt of justice had been paid, and that the criminal's life, if it still remained to him, had then become his own. But I did not reflect at all; what I did was done almost without

thought,—but much thought have I since expended on it. But there is another reflection that torments me; I have reason to think that the man was innocent of the crime for which he died. I have been twice in Paris making inquiry as to the facts of his case, and this is the conclusion to which I have been brought. All that I learned has increased my misery, but it satisfied for a moment the restless feverishness of my soul. I found that the unfortunate man had been a farmer in a remote province in the south of France, and that he had been tried at Paris for the crime of robbing certain travellers in a wood near his house. The evidence on which he was convicted was entirely circumstantial, and he asserted his innocence, as the reader already knows, at the very hour of his death. I have heard, moreover, that two men, who have been since executed, acknowledged their guilt of this crime, and declared that the person who had formerly died for it was wholly innocent. Alas! that person had been destined to perish by my hand, after he had outlived, in the strength of innocence, the horrors of the scaffold.

In vain do I seek relief from the thoughts which oppress me, in perusing the works of moralists and of jurists, and in tracing through their pages the various distinctions of criminality, which may exist in the act of taking away human life. In vain do I reason with myself, and say, "There was nothing in the act which I committed which amounts to the legal and moral definition of murder,—there was no premeditation—no design previously conceived to take away life." Still the reflection occurs, that life I have taken away,—that the deed was done calmly and deliberately—without provocation—without heat of blood. It is true, that if it was done by carelessness, or by accident, it is not murder; but was it so done? Was it not to overcome and destroy the weak and struggling life, that I pressed my hand against the young man's bo-

som? and if so, am I not a murderer? Why have I concealed the whole transaction up to this hour, unless I was conscious of guilt? Why did I not immediately declare to Luback all that had taken place? Such are the reflections which have occupied my mind for the greater part of a long and a singularly unhappy life; and now that I am, in the course of nature, approaching the grave, the poignancy of these thoughts, instead of being mitigated, has become sharper and more severe. Often do I say in the morning, would to God it were evening! and in the evening, would to God it were morning!—There is but one subject which is for

ever dwelling in my mind, and no exertion, no art, can banish it even for a single hour. Many a time do I start from sleep with the whole dreadful scene full before me; the pale arm of the murdered wretch lifted up, and his eyes glittering upon me with terrible brightness. If I place my hand upon my brow, or if I lay it upon the pillow, it is all the same:—the throbbings of that heart, which by my act was stilled for ever, are distinctly beating there; and the same fearful voice, which first awoke the fury of conscience, is pealing in my ears,—“Thou murderer! thou murderer!”

THE ADVENTURERS;

A TALE, FROM THE GERMAN.

ALBERTO, a vocalist of moderate talent, was induced by a spirit of adventure to remove to Milan from Turin, which was his native city. He hoped to be much better received there than at home, where, indeed, he had never been particularly admired. Relying upon the maxim, that a prophet is nothing in his own country, he got everything ready and now he only wanted a companion, who might defray two-thirds of the travelling expenses, and at the same time be a sort of servant to him. This very person he thought he had found in his neighbour Xavier. This was a joiner, somewhat slow in understanding, but stout, kind hearted, brave, and true. His greatest folly was his having taken such a prodigious fancy to Alberto, that he could not bear to be away from him, and, therefore, dedicated all his leisure hours to his society. His simplicity had always served as a butt for the would-be witticisms of his friend: that he bore willingly. As a boy, Alberto had often drubbed him: that also he bore patiently, comforting himself in his mind with being in reality the stouter. When any one reproached him with his

passiveness, he would cite as his authority the example of the mastiff Cæsar, who suffered the little Dido to bite his ears every day without being angry. Then on a Sunday he would wash his hands with almond-paste, put on his best clothes, and thus would visit Alberto, and think himself highly fortunate if that elegant gentleman walked out with him, and allowed himself to be entertained at his expense.

When the two friends had arrived at Milan, Alberto carried the vanity of a citizen into the world of fancy, and preferred playing a stupid Holofernes in Judith to any part of low but real humour. He at length obtained permission to make a trial,—and it was high time; for neither he nor Xavier had a farthing left, and the host had for some days past been threatening to turn them out of his house. The evening came after a day of toil to poor Xavier, who had been running about ever since the morning to provide the necessaries for his friend—not to speak of the preceding night, when he had gone to bed with tearful eyes, beseeching the holy Virgin to let all go well with Alberto, and to send him abundance

of applause. In his simplicity, he did not recollect that, according to catholic ideas, the holy Virgin was not in the habit of meddling with theatrical matters; he only knew that Mary was good and powerful, and that was enough for him. Alberto was now equipped with a mighty helmet of gold paper, a prodigious beard, a formidable sword at his side, and innumerable spangles on his cuirass, like stars in a winter's sky. Xavier had scarcely boldness enough to embrace his Hebrew excellency, and wish him luck as he set out for the theatre, whither he himself followed at the proper time, but with a beating heart.

Alberto, being hissed off the stage, rushed out of the theatre in the greatest despair. For the first few moments he resolved that he would not outlive such a disgrace, and, wrapped in a black mantle, under which he still wore his romantic dress, he resolved to drown himself; but as no water was at hand, he thought it would be more convenient to use Xavier's travelling pistols. It was in this mood he reached the inn, which he scarcely dared to enter; he knew that the patience of his host must be exhausted after this unlucky trial, and he expected to be kicked out of doors. His spirit was now at its lowest ebb; he feared he should die of hunger, the only hope of preventing which, seemed to be in Xavier's supporting both by the labour of his hands. Entering his room, he found it desolate and abandoned: "Ah," thought he, "the host has already seized our little property. Where are you, my brother Xavier, my friend in life and death?"—His meditations were stopped by the appearance of the host, who told him that Xavier had taken off every thing, paid for all, and gone to a great hotel. Alberto would not believe his own ears, and, even after the host had repeatedly assured him of it, he left the house in great doubt, or rather with the certainty that it was all mockery, and that Xavier, turned out of the house, was running distracted

about the streets in search of him. Still he went, for he had no alternative. With tottering steps and trembling voice he approached the dashing servant who stood at the door of the hotel, in a fine white apron, tucked up on one side, and silk stockings. When the man heard his name, he said, "Quite right, sir; be pleased to follow me."—With these words he caught up a silver candlestick, and lighted Alberto up stairs into a magnificent chamber, where he found Xavier, lying at full length on a sofa in his boots. No sooner did the latter see his friend than he ran up to him with open arms. He had heard of Alberto's ill-success, and hoped to console him by the relation of his own good fortune, for he had in the mean time won a large sum in a gaming-house. "Forget all cabals," he cried, "and let the theatre go to the devil; you are now no longer in need of it."—But this success, instead of comforting Alberto, only vexed him still more.—"Do you suppose," he said, with a scornful look, "that I worshipped the Muses only for the sake of eating and drinking?"—"Well, then," replied Xavier, "you may worship them for amusement as much as you please. Take heart, brother: here comes the supper; the wine is already on the side-board, and the musicians only wait for the signal to begin while we enjoy ourselves."—"Quite right!" exclaimed Alberto, bitterly; "they who can neither write nor read should have all those things! It is quite in rule that I should receive alms from you."—With this, he began a song in derision of stupidity, which always attains to posts of honor. Xavier, however, quietly submitted to his friend's noble anger, seated himself at the table with infinite resignation, and revenged himself only upon the provisions. When Alberto found how little effect his anger produced, he placed himself opposite to Xavier, and, notwithstanding his vexation, condescended to enjoy the supper. In the Lethe of wine he drowned his cares; but the musicians were oblig-

ed to desist, for he could not tolerate music, since the hissing of the pit had mingled with the tones of the orchestra, and put him out in his singing. Hitherto he had only despised Xavier; now he began to hate him, and only thought how he could best help him to dissipate his property. But, simple as Xavier was in other things, he yet understood very well that it would be mere madness to attack the capital when he might live comfortably on the interest. This he kindly divided with his associate; and they now resolved to quit Milan, as Alberto did not wish to remain an object of mockery for the loungers of that city.

At Florence, Alberto was hurried by youthful passion into a love adventure; and Xavier also lost his heart. When his friends visited him, they found him thoughtful and abstracted; he paid no attention to their jokes; his laugh had lost much of its heartiness: he was sometimes even heard to sigh. Alberto endeavoured to find out the meaning of this change, and it was not long before Xavier unbosomed himself to his friend.—“No one,” he said, “knows where the shoe pinches him but he who wears it; and I have often wondered how you could fall in love; now I begin to comprehend the possibility of it, for I myself have lately begun to experience something of the sort.”—Alberto was all ear. Xavier continued:—“You have imagined that I could never be loved; but it is very possible that you may have reckoned without your host, for, to speak candidly, I have fallen desperately in love.”—“With whom, brother?” exclaimed Alberto.—“I know as little of her as you do of your *incognita*. All that I can tell you is, she is a lady of virtue and honor, although she sits at her window the whole day long. The only thing I cannot bear in her is the daily change of her head-dress, which no doubt might be attributed to vanity; but in other respects, she is so quiet and thoughtful, that I cannot believe it of her. Other women are running

backwards and forwards from their windows, like fools, to jeer at the passers-by, while she never looks out, but only straight before her. Probably she is occupied with some sort of work, and this it is which gives me courage to gaze at her. Oh, you have never seen such blue eyes, such cherry lips, such a lovely bosom!” —“Is she then handsomer than my church *incognita*?” asked Alberto.—“That I cannot precisely say,” replied Xavier, “for I never fairly looked at the young lady whom you admire; but this girl’s features are deeply engraven upon my heart, and, if she should prove as handsome in mind as she is in body, I am resolved to marry her as soon as possible, provided she may have no objection.” —Upon Alberto’s questioning Xavier more closely, he drew from him that the fair one lived at a milliner’s in the next street, and he comforted him with the assurance that such people were seldom very cruel. But love, which always doubts, overpowered Xavier, so that he could not rest without hearing the confession from her own lips. The next morning, therefore, they both passed by the house. Alberto looked very attentively at all the windows, but could only discover a handsome milliner’s block, painted white and red, and wearing a new head-dress to entice customers. He turned round to Xavier, and was about to complain of their having taken their walk to no purpose, when the latter heaved a deep sigh from very the bottom of his breast, exclaiming, “There she has put on a new cap!—always changing her head-dress!—always sitting at the window! It does, indeed, please me in a certain measure, as it constantly gives me an opportunity of seeing her; but, after all, it is being somewhat too vain.”—Alberto opened his eyes to double their usual size, and stared at Xavier as he asked, “Is it she, brother, who sits yonder in the window? Is it she with whom you are so desperately in love?”—“And does she not deserve it?” said Xavier.—“Yes, undoubtedly,” re-

plied the knavish Alberto, who had formed his plan on the instant.

It was now arranged, that in a few days the elopement should take place to Fiesole. Alberto took charge of all. The carriage came at the appointed time: the fair one was already in her place; Xavier got in; Alberto pressed him again to his breast; tore himself away amidst a flood of tears, and bade the coachman drive on. For a time, Xavier scarcely dared to speak. At last he opened his lips with a timid question, but received no answer.—“Perhaps she sleeps,” thought he to himself—“should this decisive step trouble her? I must not be importunate. Doubtless she is bashful from being alone with me in a carriage so early in the morning twilight. But the daybreak will restore courage to both of us, and with the evening she is mine.”—This mode of thinking reconciled him to all, and, after having ventured one or two more fruitless questions, he seated himself opposite to his mistress, which position he occupied in silence till the sun rose, and showed him that he had run away with—a puppet.

Abruptly leaving his *doll*, he ran toward the church, at the very time that Julia, whom Alberto loved, was taking the same direction. It seems that she lived in a house close by; a garden too was her property, and, just as she came out of the gate, she was met by Xavier, who, heated by the sun and by his wrath, felt himself tormented by an intolerable thirst. Without fairly looking her in the face, he greeted her with looks in which good humour and vexation were strangely mingled, and asked for some fruit from her garden to quench his thirst; upon this she invited him to come in. An old servant was despatched to fill a basket with fruit; and Xavier devoured the melons with an eagerness that surprised Julia, whose curiosity was now excited to learn the cause of his agitation and alarm. Little persuasion was requisite to bring him to confession, for he was eager to lessen the burthen of his grievances by im-

parting them to some one. “Madonna,” he said, “I verily believe there has not been a man since the age of Methuselah who has suffered such an injury as I have.” Hitherto he had not observed with whom he was speaking; and had only considered Julia as a medium through which he might unburthen himself of his resentment. Now, however, that he was going to relate his love adventure, he began to notice her more closely. Her beauty blazed upon him at once, and he blushed up to the ears, and was forced to collect himself before he could recover his fluency. This confusion, however, gave him a pleasing expression, while the heat and his anger had added unusual animation to his well formed features; his large hazel eyes, sparkled with unwonted fire, and his very bashfulness lent him a gentle character, which contrasted wonderfully with his manly form.

When he had ended his story, Julia smiled, and said, “You should not take this affair so much to heart; for, if Alberto enticed your shortsightedness to run away with a doll, he himself has fallen in love with a living maiden who in good truth has made him plainly feel how profoundly she despises him.”—Xavier started at this declaration, for in his fervor he had entirely forgotten to mention the episode of Alberto’s fair one.—“How do you know that, madonna?” he exclaimed. “From whom did you hear it?”—“Do you then not recognize me?” said the fair Julia, laughing. “Well it is evident, you have no eyes for ladies, either real or artificial.”—“Is it possible?” cried Xavier, “you, madonna, are that fair one?”—“I, and none but I.”—“And how then came you here?”—“My little property is here. At that time I was on a visit to my aunt.”—“And where then are your parents?”—“It is many years since they have rested in the grave,” replied Julia with a sigh.—“I too have neither father nor mother,” said Xavier, while the tears stood in his eyes. “And do you live here alone?”

—"I possess this house and these gardens. Sometimes I go to the city to my aunt, but the greater part of my time I spend here, never so happy as in my solitude."—For the first time in his life, Xavier gazed at a woman boldly. "Hark ye, madonna; are you resolved never to marry?"—"That is a very close question," replied Julia, laughing. Here she would have broken off the conversation, but Xavier held her back, and said, "I have ventured for once, and if it do not take place now, it never will. You are beautiful,—that your face tells me: you are good,—that your beauty tells me. You have said that you are an orphan; a strange accident has united us, and, if I do not strike while the iron is hot, all's lost. I came out to be married, and it rests with you whether I shall return as I set out, and be a laughing-stock for the abominable Alberto, or triumph over him, and route him entirely, not with a dagger, but with your presence."—"In this way he continued to press the fair one, till he at last wrung from her a consent. The suddenness of her yielding did not at all strike him; and, that it may not surprise any one else, we must observe, that at the time

when Julia had inquired into the circumstances of Alberto, she had also learned all about Xavier and his simple honest character.

It may be easily supposed with what triumph Xavier carried back his bride with him to Florence. All his good friends were already collected at the city gate to receive him, Alberto himself opened the door, and cried out,—“Well, Xavier, how have you prospered? Have you brought back your beautiful bride?”—"Yes," replied Xavier, coolly, "there she sits."—"What do I see!" exclaimed Alberto, confounded.—“Another ingenious trick of the capricious lady Fortune, Master Alberto,” said Julia, laughing; "sometimes one plays *below* and is hissed, while another plays *above*, and gains twenty thousand *scudi*. Sometimes an honest soul is supposed to marry a wooden puppet, and the puppet suddenly changes to a living maiden, who has actually refused the gallant Alberto. Xavier is much indebted to you, sir; and though you have lived upon him, and made him your butt, what does that signify? To you alone he owes his property and his bride."

VARIETIES.

PERSIAN ANECDOTES.

A PERSIAN, says Bernier,* who wishes to indulge in any satirical merriment at the expense of the Indians, relates a few such anecdotes as the following. When Shah-Jehan had made several fruitless attempts to subdue the arrogance of the Persian ambassador, whom no arguments or caresses could induce to salute the Great Mogul according to the Indian mode, he devised this artifice to gain his end. He commanded that the grand entrance of the court leading to Am-kas, where he intended to receive the ambassador, should be closed,

and the wicket only left open; a wicket so low that a man could not pass through without stooping, and holding down the head, as is customary in making the Indian salam. Shah-Jehan hoped by this expedient to have it in his power to say that the ambassador, in approaching the royal presence, bowed the head even nearer to the ground than is usual in his court; but the proud and quick-sighted Persian, penetrating into the Mogul's design, entered the wicket with his back turned toward the king. Shah-Jehan, vexed to see himself overcome by the ambassador's strat-

* Travels in the Mogul Empire. By Francis Bernier.—Translated from the French by Irving Brock.

agem, said indignantly, "Eh bed-bakt, Wretch, didst thou imagine thou wast entering a stable of asses like thyself?" "I did imagine it," was the answer. "Who, on going through such a door, can believe he is visiting any but asses?" Another story is this. Shah-Jehan, displeased with some rude and coarse answer made by the Persian ambassador, was provoked to say, "Eh-bed-bakt; has then Shah-Abas no gentleman in his court, that he sends me such a hair-brained fellow?" "O, yes; the court of my sovereign abounds with polite and accomplished men; but he adapts the ambassador to the king." One day, having invited the ambassador to dine at the royal table, and seeking, as usual, an occasion to discompose and vex him,—while the Persian was busily employed in picking a great many bones, the king said, coolly, "Ehel-tchygy, my lord ambassador, what shall the dogs eat?" "Kichery," was the prompt answer; a favourite dish of Shah-Jehan, and which he was then devouring with avidity. Kichery is a mess of leguminous plants, the general food of the common people. The Mogul, inquiring what he thought of his new Delhi, then building, as compared to Ispahan; he answered aloud, and with an oath, "Billah! billah! Ispahan cannot be compared to the dust of your Delhi:" which reply the king took as a high encomium upon his favourite city, though the ambassador intended it in sportive derision, the dust being intolerable in Delhi. Lastly, the Persians pretended that their countryman, being pressed by Shah-Jehan to tell him candidly how he estimated the relative power of the kings of Hindostan and Persia; he observed, that he likened India to a full moon fifteen or sixteen days old, and Persia to a young moon of two or three days. This ingenious answer was at first very flattering to the Great Mogul's pride, but became a source of deep mortification when he had rightly interpreted the ambassador's meaning, which was, that the king-

dom of Hindostan is now on the decline, and that of Persia advancing, like the crescent, in splendour and magnitude.

Such are the witticisms so much vaunted by the Persians in India, and which they seem never tired of repeating. For my part, I think a dignified gravity and respectful demeanour would better become an ambassador, than the assumption of a supercilious and unbending carriage, or the indulgence of a taunting and sarcastic spirit. Even if he possessed no higher principle to regulate his conduct, it is surprising that Shah-Abas's ambassador was not constrained by common considerations of prudence; and how much he had to fear from the resentment of a despot, whom he foolishly and unnecessarily provoked, was seen by the danger he narrowly escaped. Shah-Jehan's malignity grew so violent and undisguised, that he addressed him only in the most opprobrious terms, and gave secret orders, that when the ambassador entered a long and narrow street in the fortress, leading to the hall of assembly, a vicious elephant should be let loose upon him. A less active and courageous man must have been killed; but the Persian was so nimble in jumping out of his palanquin, and, together with the attendants, so prompt and dexterous in shooting his bows, that the animal was scared away.

YANKEE VALOUR.

At the battle of Eutaw, after the British line had been broken, and the Old Buffs, a regiment that had boasted of the extraordinary feats they were to perform, were running from the field, Lieutenant Manning sprang forward in pursuit, directing the platoon which he commanded to follow him. He did not cast an eye behind him until he found the British men on all sides of him, and not an American soldier nearer than one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards. He did not hesitate a moment, but springing at an officer who was near him, seized him by the col-

lar, and exclaiming in a harsh tone, "Damn you, sir, you are my prisoner, wrested his sword from his grasp, dragged him from the house into which Cruger and his York volunteers had thrown themselves, and, keeping his body as a shield of defence from the heavy fire from the windows, carried him off without sustaining any injury. Manning has often related, that at the moment when he suspected his prisoner would have made an effort for liberty, he with great solemnity commenced an enumeration of his titles:—"I am, sir, Henry Barry, Deputy-Adjutant-General of the British army, Captain in the 32d regiment, Secretary to the Commandant of Charleston."—"Enough, enough, sir, you are just the man I was looking for; fear nothing for your life, you shall screen me from danger, and I will take special care of you."—Manning was of inferior size, but strong, and remarkably well formed. This probably led Barry, who could not have wished the particulars of his capture to be commented on, to reply, when asked by his brother officers how he came to be taken? "I was overpowered by a huge Virginian."

EFFECT OF GARRICK'S ACTING UPON A SPECTATOR.

Mr. Harris once said, that one night, whilst waiting for Garrick, at the stage door, till he had concluded the closet scene in *Hamlet*, he was so awe-struck by the splendour of his talent, that, though from long intimacy, Garrick and himself always addressed each other by their Christian names, on this occasion, when he quitted the stage, and advanced to shake hands with him, he found himself involuntarily receding—calling him, *Sir!*—and bowing with reverence. Garrick started, and expressing a doubt of his sanity, he explained; on which, Garrick acknowledged, with a smile of gratification, "that next to Patridge's description of him in *Tom Jones*, this was the most genuine compliment he had ever received."

THE OUTCAST.

Oh! coldly on my breaking heart
The glance of stern unkindness falls,
And bitter tears unheeded start,
And boding frowns appals.

The friends who loved me,—where are they?
The good, the generous, and the brave?
Some kindred hearts are far away;
Some moulder in the grave:

And others, once so kind, are changed,
Their features scarcely seem the same;
Their hearts and eyes alike estranged;
Their "friendship but a name."

Oh! why was I so fondly loved,
And cherished with such watchful care,
In that dear home where none reproved,
No eye looked coldly there.

My mother's smile, so sweetly mild,
No longer meets my tearful gaze;
For blessings on his only child,
No more my father prays.

Mine was that mother's latest smile,
And mine that father's latest prayer;
They sleep beneath yon sacred aisle;
Would that their child were there!

Father of all! thy spirit shed,
In mercy, o'er my troubled soul;
Vouchsafe to guard my orphan head;
My erring thoughts control.

Oh! teach me fortune, friends, and home,
Without a murmur to resign;
Be thou my guide where'er I roam,
And make me wholly thine.

EXTRAORDINARY SANG-FROID.

In one of the very bloody battles of the Vendean war, two French noblemen were left wounded in the field among the dead. One complained loudly of his pains, the other, after long silence, thus offered him consolation:—"My friend, whomever you are, remember that our God died on the cross, our king on the scaffold;—and if you have strength to look at him who now speaks to you, you will see that both his legs are shot away."

NAVIGATION OF RIVERS.

A. M. Laynel has constructed a machine, at present at work on the Rhine, by which vessels are towed against the stream at the rate of three quarters of a league in an hour; the ordinary rate of vessels towed by horses being two leagues and a half, or three leagues a day.